

## Spirit of Foreign Literature.

We extract from the last number of Fraser's Magazine, the following graphic and well-wrought account of the great operation on the Stock Exchange, which raised the house of Rothschild to its imperial power and renown in the financial arena of Europe. The story will well repay the general attention, which from the interest of the subject it is sure to receive. The tale is told at a dinner party. It is preceded by a minute account of the persons composing the party, which, as it does not touch the interest of the narrative, we have thought proper to omit. We may say, however, briefly, that the feast—"a real Lucullus spread, is given by Mr. and Mrs. Goldhall, the eminent Lombard-st. Bankers, to the Herr Von Wolverdenden, the great Hamburg Merchant—a man of millions, and of mines—a potentate of 'Change throughout the money marts of Europe." Wolverdenden is an Epicurean and a "gustonomic," gentlemanly and agreeable, seeming to care for nothing but ease and enjoyment, while in fact "his brain is over at work like a steam-engine." Besides the hosts and this their lion, there are two other personages of mark in the company. These are the celebrated Polish Poet Stanislaus Poniatowski Skinundgrieff, now in banishment by decree of the Autocrat Nicholas. The Poet is a lank, cadaverous, poverty-stricken creature, with long unkempt hair hanging down over his coat collar, "like the coarse bristles of a dozen wild horses' tails gathered into a wilderness of roughness." Between this poor fellow and the rich Dutchman, an instinctive feeling of aversion and hostility very naturally arises; and in the talk which follows, the millionaire takes the wind entirely out of the poor fellow's sails. Beside the Poet, sits his friend and admirer Miss Clarissa Knaggett, a lady just turned of fifty-two, "who constantly assured her friends she was all mind, except such parts as were all nerve." To sum up all, other ladies may be blue, cobalt, or Prussian; Miss Knaggett was purple. Her form would have been anywhere an admirable osteological specimen, "to an anatomical Lecturer invaluable," as enabling him to answer satisfactorily the very natural question, "Can such dry bones live?" With these preliminaries, let us go on to the story.—[EDITOR.]

## A GAME OF CHESS WITH NAPOLEON.

THE conversation of the assembled dinner-party suddenly turned upon the GAME OF CHESS, and for the first time, words were directly exchanged between Skinundgrieff and Wolverdenden. The poet was, or pretended to be, a chess enthusiast. Poor soul! enthusiasm of any sort discounts for very little in Lombard-street.

"What an immense mind you must have, you dear creature! And so you are a great chess-player? Oh, I dote upon chess! It is such a love of mine!" said Miss Knaggett to Skinundgrieff.

"I have played chess," cried the poet, proudly, "with the first players throughout civilized Europe,—with Des Chapelles, with McDonnell, with De la Bourdonnais. I have played in Poland four games at once without seeing the board. There's nothing in it. All a mere effort of the memory. But I have given up chess lately. It tore me to pieces. My nervous system was too delicate. I have been awakened in the night by horrible visions: chess-knights and bishops have been dancing upon my breast, driving their weapons into my heart, darting their forked talons into my marrow—ugh!"

"You must have gone to bed without supper!" remarked Von Wolverdenden. The company laughed. It takes so little from a great man to make a party smile. Skinundgrieff was ruffled; but poets who will sit at rich men's tables must be large of sawlow.

Skinundgrieff rallied. "Now," said he, inwardly, "will I prove that mind is not to be silenced by mere matter." The poet made himself up for mischief.

"I repeat," said Skinundgrieff, "chess is nothing. When I played chess, it was after a fashion peculiar to myself—"

"Peculiar enough!" whispered the Von to the lady; "peculiar enough, I'll be sworn!"

"When I played chess, I analyzed the subject thus. A certain thing is to be done. Very well. A situation is to be produced, at whatever cost, called checkmate. Very well. I looked then neither to the right nor to the left; I gave up my queen and castle, knight and pawn. I went straightways and simply to the mark I purposed. I gave checkmate. Bah! I found it quite easy; in fact, chess is a bagatelle—provided a man has—a—a—a—certain calibre of mind!"

"Hear, hear!" exclaimed Wolverdenden. "Philidor is risen from the tomb!"

Another laugh rang round the table. Miss Knaggett sighed. What an advantage is a strong cast of the eyes! The fair lady was enabled now to drop a tearful look of sympathy and admiration upon the *so-disant* Poet, while, with her sinister orb, she shot a ray of fiery wrath and pity at the man of Hamburg, and all with a single effort of volition!

"When I travelled through Circassia," continued the bard, raising his voice—"when I made the tour of Circassia and Georgia, I had just attained my greatest force in chess. I there rode 2000 miles in company with the renowned Acraporpos Khan, the first chess-player in the county, and we played chess mentally all the way. In truth, we agreed that the only things which spoil chess are the board and the men!"

"If your game lasted 2000 miles, it must have been a long one!" remarked Wolverdenden, drily; "and I should have thought a great chief had something better to do than to play chess either horseback or assback. I have been a chess-player myself, and a sad waste of time I found it. To be sure it turned up a trump at last; though my chess was all European, and never was exhibited in Circassia."

"You a chess-player!" cried Mrs. Goldhall; and "You a chess-player!" echoed half-a-dozen voices, in all sorts of keys. "Whoever heard of such a thing as a millionaire a chess-player? As well be a mathematician, or even a poet!"

The great man was evidently flattered by the tribute of homage rendered in this burst of surprise. He smiled; and his smile was of a character to represent the complacent, the dignified, the patronizing.

"I have played chess," said Wolverdenden, emphatically, "with the greatest chess-player of the century; with a far greater player than De la Bourdonnais or des Chapelles."

"And who might that be?"

"With Napoleon Bonaparte. I have played a game of chess with Napoleon, and beaten him. Who else living can say this?"

"Chess with Bonaparte!" cried the lady of the mansion. "How droll—how exceedingly remarkable! How did he look? how did all happen? what did he say? were you not afraid? How very extraordinary! Oh, we must hear all about it! Come, tell us, there's a kind creature! do, now, tell us all about it!"

"Yes, yes!" shouted Goldhall; "pray tell us all about it! A story, a story!"

Miss Knaggett sneered perceptibly, the poet said nothing. He would have preferred the cry of "A poem, a poem!"

Von Wolverdenden hesitated with the coquetry of a fine singer, when about to "favor the company."

"Oh, pray tell us!" and Mrs. Goldhall placed her white hand on the great man's arm, as if that argument were irresistible. Skinundgrieff looked daggers, and Miss Knaggett squinted pins and needles. It was a clear case that *The Blasted Bard* would not be allowed to unfold its leaves that evening.

"There certainly exists no insuperable objection to my relating this chess adventure," said Wolverdenden, "but you must promise me your patient attention for a full half hour."

"Yes, yes, we promise!" was the response. A rich man's story as well as his joke is so greedily devoured. Skinundgrieff muttered something to his scraggy neighbor, and, as the servants were now ordered out of the room, filled a bumper of Burgundy "for two." Miss Knaggett liked a glass of wine.

Deep silence prevailed. The millionaire looked slowly round, as if to take in all the party with the gaze of his deep dark eye, and commenced his story.

"When I was a junior clerk in the house of R—in Paris, at 1500 francs a year—"

The company were transfixed. Napoleon's memorable prologue, "When I was a sub-lieutenant," caused not greater sensation. Von Wolverdenden smiled.

"When I was a petty clerk in R—'s, the narrowness of my finances allowed me to indulge in no amusement but chess; and, as a constant habitué of the Café de la Régence, I had attained a certain degree of force; that is to say, a first-rate player could only give me the advantage of a couple of pieces. It is necessary I should premise all this, before I come to my encounter with the emperor. I gave, then, all my leisure time to chess; but, to conceal the poverty of my appointments, maintained the most rigid secrecy at the Régence as to who or what I was, and was universally supposed to be living on my means—a mere Paris *flâneur*. Do not lose sight of this fact. Well, I bore my condition cheerfully, practiced the most rigid economy as to ways and means, and sat early and late at my desk, during business hours; existing on the present, living on the future; watching the opportunity to better my hard fate, by seizing that critical moment (should it present itself), which they say Fortune offers once, at least, in the life of every man."

"I wonder when that marvellous moment will deign to visit me!" interrupted Skinundgrieff.

"It probably has already occurred to you, my dear sir," said Wolverdenden, courteously, "and you have neglected to seize it, in the just condensation of a genius fit to wield the very crash of worlds—ahem!—Surely, in return for that sublime game of chess of yours, played with the Georgian captain, he ought to have created you a pacha of three tails, instead of the one you bear!"

The company laughed. The poet forced a smile to Wolverdenden, and cursed him "by all his gods." The capitalist resumed:

"On the 5th of March, in the year 1815, we were all at our posts in the evening, making up the monthly mail for Constantinople. It was late—between eight and nine o'clock. I was rocking on my very hard wooden stool as usual, scribbling away for dear life, in company with some nine or ten other clerks, all of superior grade in the office, when the door flew open, and our chief, R—, stood before us with a face as pale as a pretty woman's when the doctor says her aged husband will recover!"

"Naughty man!" lisped Mrs. Goldhall.

"Every sound was hushed, every stool ceased to rock, every pen stopped scratching. Something important had evidently happened—some dire event 'big with the fate of Cato and of Rome.' Mexico was engulfed by an earthquake, or Peru was washed to powder by a tornado. R— spoke, and his voice quivered. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'though I opened not the black-book, I could not prevent others, many hours, from unfolding its leaves. France is no longer France! The whirlwind has smitten her! The thunder-cloud has burst upon our happy shores! I may be announcing to you the ruin of the house of R—and Brothers!'

"Ruin and R—! The association of terms appeared too ridiculous. We thought the governor mad!"

"Gentlemen," resumed the mighty Israelite, "hear me out, and appreciate the magnitude of this communication. Napoleon Bonaparte has left Elba, has landed in France, the army join him, and his eagles are flying to Paris with lightning speed! I come now from the Tuileries. Louis XVIII., by the grace of God, will be off for Flanders in a few days as fast as his fat will let him. The ministers are drawing up a bombastic proclamation to issue to-morrow to the people, but I foresee their downfall is assured. The folly of the Bourbons again breaks the peace of Europe, and France is about to plunge anew into a thirty years' war!"

"Hurrah!" shouted two or three clerks, stanch Bonapartists.

"Forgive me, my dear sir," cried one of them to R—, "forgive the interruption, but this cannot touch the house. Be yourself. This alarm is surely premature. Hurrah! the emperor must have money. He will want a loan. We shall have the crown jewels, worth fourteen millions of gold, in pledge; and the fat citizens of Paris, who swear by the house of R—, will furnish the cash! Hurrah, then! *Vive l'Empereur!—A bas les Bourbons!—Vive Napoleon!*"

"Sir," replied R—, sternly, "sir, you are a fool! and you talk like the fool you are! The emperor must have money instantly, true enough, too true! but Louis is even now packing up the crown jewels, in case he is obliged to fly to Ghent; trust the old fox for that, and all his private treasure of gold and diamonds to boot. The emperor can offer no guaranty capable of being quickly realized. He will tender me his note of hand—bah! and the Congress at Vienna still sitting! and the armies of the allies not disbanded! and the Russians in Germany! and the Cossacks of the Don in sunny Europe, like vultures eager to whet their filthy beaks in the dearest blood of France! Sir, you talk like a child! Do you forget our cash operation of last week? Do you remember that in our vaults lie five millions of golden Napoleons? and, doubtless, Talleyrand and Fouché will try to make their peace with Bonaparte, by advising that this sum should be seized as a forced loan. Five millions!"

"The allied armies will dissolve like snow beneath the sun of June!" retorted the Bonapartist clerk.

"Never!" cried R—, emphatically: "Napoleon has laid too many obligations upon Russia and Austria. They groan beneath the weight of his favors. Benefit a scoundrel, and be sure he flies at your throat when he can!"

"Prophetic speech! The Austrian required the preserving the integrity of his domain, by furnishing, some years afterwards, a little kingdom to a little king—a realm six feet by three, to her beloved grandson, Napoleon II., King of Rome and Emperor of the French! *Vive la haute politique!* Well, excuse my showing this feeling; I cannot, for my life, help it. Our friend's wine here is so excellent, it breaks the formula of cant, and truth will out. I am about to conquer Napoleon at chess; but from the moment I beat him, I loved him!"

"Yes," continued R—, "five millions in gold, one hundred millions of francs! My brain reels—the house must go! Nothing but a miracle can save us. Five millions!"

"But," asked the imperialist clerk, "can we not hide the gold? can we not send it away?"

"And what can we do with it?" impetuously interrupted R—. "Where can we hide it, that its place of concealment will not be known? The barriers are closed, sir, and no person may leave Paris. The moment Napoleon sets foot in the Tuileries I shall be summoned thither, and this gold will be demanded as a loan. A loan, indeed!"

"But, perhaps, Lafitte—"

"Lafitte the devil, sir! To Lafitte's house I shall be politely invited to send the money. I must give up this vast sum, or perhaps be tried by court-martial and shot for petty treason! Think you Bonaparte comes this time to play anything but the game of life or death? Do we not know the man? Remember the active part I have taken in arranging the affairs of these Bourbons, and think not my exertions in their cause can ever be overlooked, except by themselves. A hundred millions! Oh, brother! my dear brother! of all men on earth, you alone could save me by your counsel; and I am in Paris, and you are in London!"

"The emperor cannot be here yet, why not send to your brother?" asked the imperialist.

"The barriers are, I repeat, closed, and guarded by the artillery with loaded guns. I applied myself for a passport, and was refused. The gratitude of kings! I was refused this by the Bourbons, who wish naturally to delay the heavy tidings of lament for France, until their own personal safety is insured. The peasants love Napoleon, and might arrest them. A hundred millions!"

"And no one can then leave Paris? This is really so!" ejaculated the Bonapartist, beginning himself to tremble for the safety of his idol, the house.

"Such is literally the case. None may pass, but one courier for each ambassador. The messenger of the English embassy this moment leaves with dispatches for the court of St. James's. I have spoken with him, and have offered him £500 to bear a letter to my brother, and the man refuses! The post, too, is stopped. All is stopped or will stop. Five millions of gold!"

"The English courier is a German named Schmidt, is he not?" queried the Bonapartist clerk by the way of saying something.

"He is! may he break his neck on the road! The moment he communicates his news in London, the British funds fall ten per cent. as they will do here to-morrow morning, and in both cities we hold consols to an immense amount. Oh, for some heaven inspired idea to circumvent this fellow Schmidt! But I talk as a child!—my brain reels! Five millions of Napoleons in our cellars! Oh, my brother! why cannot the spirit of our father arise and stand before thee to-morrow in London, ere the arrival of this courier?"

"The climax had arrived. R—'s shirt was full. He sunk into a chair, and hid his face in his hands. The deep silence of profound consternation prevailed throughout the office."

"Now, whatever was the feeling of my fellow clerks, I cannot convey to you the slightest idea of the revolution which had sprung up in my breast during the foregoing conversation. I had not spoken, but eagerly watched and devoured every word; every look of the several speakers. I was like the Pythoness of Delphi awaiting the inspiration of her god, my 'Magnus Apollo' being my poor 1500 franc salary. Never was there more burning genius of inspiration for an enterprising man than an income limited to 1500 francs! My frame dilated like that of Ulysses in Homer, when breathed upon by the sage Minerva; or, to pair my Greek with a Latin simile, I might be likened to Curtius, resolved to save Rome by leaping into the gulf; only, as an improvement upon this latter hero, I fancied I could take the plunge without breaking my neck! Any how I jumped up, kicked my wooden stool away, and presented myself before R—."

"If being in London three hours before the English courier may advantage the house," cried I, "here do I undertake the task, or will forfeit life. Give me some token of credence to hand your brother, sir, gold for my expenses on the road, and trust to me!"

"What mean you? Are you mad?" said R—, surprised, while my fellow clerks began to mutter at my pretensions.

"I have my plan," returned I. "Oh, do but trust me! I am acquainted with this courier—with Schmidt. I have a hold on him—a certain hold believe me! Though I am but the junior here, I will travel with Schmidt, ay, in his very carriage, and will win the race, though I should be guillotined afterward for strangling him by the way! Time flies, sir—trust me—say I may go!"

R— hesitated.

"Is he trustworthy?" asked he of the head clerk, with whom I was luckily a favorite, because I was in the habit of mending his pens, and taking his seven children *bonbons* on New-year's day.

"Wolverdenden," answered the head clerk, "is as steady as time. He is prudent and clever. I would trust him with my children—and wife, too!"

"There was little time for parley. Great men decide quickly. The truth was, I presented myself as a *pis aller*—a sort of forlorn hope. Even if I went over to the enemy, nothing could be lost, matters being evidently at their worst, and the critical moment all but on the wane. R— resolved to trust me. All was the work of a few seconds of time. He took from his finger the carbuncle I now wear, the stone cost 60,000 francs in the Levant, and placed it in my hand."

"Show this ring to my brother," said he; "he knows it well; and stay—quick—give me ink!" Snatching up a slip of paper, our chief wrote in the Hebrew character, 'Believe the bearer!' 'Pat that in his hands,' said he. 'What your plan is, I know not. You have *carte-blanche*. Explain all to my brother. He is the genius of the family. The fortunes of the house of R— are this day in your keeping. Be thou, as David says, 'a dove for innocence, but a very serpent in guile.' The courier starts at the stroke of ten. It wants twelve minutes!"

"He goes, of course, from the house of the embassy?" asked I, clapping on my hat, snatching a cloak from the wall, and pocketing a heavy bag of gold all in a breath.

"He does—he does—away with you—away!" and R— literally pushed me out of the door, amid the varied exclamations of the clerks. I took the steep stair-fall at half-a-dozen bounds, and in half-a-dozen more found myself in the Place du Palais Royal.

"Through life we find that to narrate important events, frequently consumes more time than their realization. Thus it is with me at this moment, and I must hazard weakening the interest of my narrative to state here the grounds of my calculation. In almost everything runs an under-current, not seen by the world. Schmidt and I were bound together by but a silken thread, and yet on that I reckoned. We were both frequenters of the Café de la Régence, and constantly in the habit of playing chess together."

"Nobody but a chess-player can appreciate the strong tie of brotherhood which links its amateurs. When men spend much time together, they become accustomed to each other, like horses used to run in the same coach. For a fellow chess-player, a man will do that which he would refuse his father and mother. The habit of breathing the same air and looking at the same chess-board creates a friendship to which that of Damon and Pythias was mere 'How d'ye do?' This it was upon which I reckoned. Schmidt and I had played thousands of chess-games together, and barely exchanged three words. He no more suspected me of being a banker's clerk than of being the king of the Sandwich Islands. We had mostly singled out as other as antagonists, because pretty nearly matched, and Schmidt loved me the more, as I knew, because it was not every man who would play with him."

"Schmidt was the slowest chess-player I have ever seen. He has been known to sit three-quarters of an hour over a move, his head covered by his hands, and then to be discovered fast asleep! In everything he was the same. Correct as the sun; but a slow sort of person, for all that. Schmidt was the kind of man who, meeting you in a pouring rain, says, 'What a wet day this is!' A wholesale dealer in prosy truisms, and nothing brighter; and yet covered all over with a portly assumption of consequence, which famously dusted the eyes of the vulgar. I had ever been a judge of physiognomy, and knew my man. How many Schmidts there are in the world! Excuse my thus moralizing at the dinner-table, if only for its novelty."

"Did you ever see a conjuror at a fair showing off tricks upon the cards? He shuffles the pack beneath your very nose as he offers them in detail; but while you vainly think you can draw which you will, he adroitly manages to make you select the very card to suit his purpose. Something like this must be my first step. I had as yet no plan beyond fixing myself upon him, and trusting to consequences; but, under the strong stimulus of my poor 1500 franc salary, I seriously made up my resolve to risk even life itself rather than rest in my abject position. Who could have so much gold run through his fingers as I was in the daily habit of telling, and not long to see a little of it stick by the way?"

"I depended, then, partly on the native force of impudence; or, in words more refined, on the influence of a strong mind over a weak one; that magic spell which Concini at the block owned to having practiced so successfully upon the queen, her mistress. You see I am historical, as well as classical—anything but poetical!"

"The English embassy at this time occupied a hotel adjoining the Café de la Régence; at the door of which latter temple of fame I planted myself in a careless-looking attitude, with my pulse beating like a sledge-hammer. The night was dark above, but bright below, shining forth in all the glory of lamp-light. At the *porte cochère* of the British envoy's hotel stood a light travelling-carriage. I was in the nick of time. Schmidt was ready, enveloped in a heavy *redingote*. Five horses were being caparisoned for the journey. I went up to the carriage, and addressed my chess friend:

"How's this, Schmidt? no chess to-night? I've been looking for you in the Régence!"

"Chess! no, indeed, I've other fish to fry. Have you not heard the news? It's no secret. Bonaparte has landed from Elba on the coast of France. Paris will ring with the tidings in an hour or two. I'm off this moment for London with dispatches."

"I don't envy you the journey!" said I. "What a bore! shut up in that machine all night; not even a pretty girl to keep you company!"

"But duty, you know!" said Schmidt, with a smile.

"Duty, indeed! but, perhaps, you light up, *en grand seigneur*, and read all the way? To be sure, you can study our new gambit!"

"What a pity you can't go with me!" responded Schmidt, in the pride of five horses, and a carriage all to himself. "What a pity you can't go with me, we'd play chess all the way!"

"My heart leaped to my mouth. The trout was gorging the bait, Schmidt had drawn the marked card!"

"Don't invite me twice!" said I, laughing, "for I am in a very lazy humor, and have no one earthly thing to do in Paris for the next few days." This was true enough.

"Come along, then, my dear fellow!" replied Schmidt, "make the best earnest. I've a famous night-lamp, and am in no humor to sleep. I must drop you on the frontiers, because I dare not let the authorities of Calais or Boulogne see that I have a companion, lest I should be suspected of stock-jobbing, but I'll pick you up on my return. Now, are the horses ready, there?"

"Do you really mean what you say, Schmidt?"

"Indeed I do!"

"Then I'll tell you what," said I, "I'm your man, and famous fun we'll have!"

"I darted into the Café de la Régence, snatched up the first chess equipment that came to hand, and stood in a moment again by the side of 'my friend.' The postillions were on their saddles, in we leaped, bang went the door, round rolled the wheels, and away bounded our light calash at the rate of ten French miles an hour!"

"Gad!" said Schmidt, with a grin, "what a joke this is! We shall have something in the chess way to talk about for the next hundred and fifty years!"

"We shall, indeed!" replied I. For a moment we were stopped at the barrier of St. Denis, and here I became sensible of the truth of R——'s reasoning. The gates were closed, and a heavy force of horse and foot drawn up by the portals. My friend's passport was strictly scanned, and we learned that no other carriage could pass that night, the other being special. I may here say, that throughout the route, thanks to the telegraph, our horses were always changed at the various post-houses with lightning speed.

"Good night, gentlemen!" cried the officer on guard, and away we went through the barriers, dashing over stone and sand, rut and road, like the chariot of Phaeton running away with its master. I looked back on Paris for the last time. "*Aux grands hommes, la patrie reconnaissante!*" thought I. Should I succeed, the R——s will at least bury me in the church St. Genevieve!

"Now at this point, my friends, the chess-board, I consider, was in reality placed between Napoleon and myself, its type only being the chequered piece of wood on which Schmidt, poor fellow! was setting up the chess-men. By the by, if you ever play chess in a carriage, and for want of the men being pegged at their feet you cannot make them stand, wet the board with a little *vin de Grave*, as we did, and you'll find no difficulty."

"Yes, Napoleon and I were about to play a game at chess, and, although he might be said to have taken the first move, his attack was necessarily clogged by so much incumbrance, that our chances, at least, became equal. 'To beat the emperor,' thought I, 'all must be risked in a rapid attack, which shall countermine his plans. The position must not be suffered too grow to intricate.' My first stroke must be successful, or I may as well throw up the game at once. Nothing, however, can be done some hours; so, *voyons!* there's a Providence for the virtuous."

"Imagine for yourselves the details I am compelled to omit. We played chess all night, talked, laughed, and enjoyed ourselves. We supped *en route* in the carriage; and, as my courteous antagonist was deeply engaged in discussing the relative merits of a *Perigord pâté* and a bottle of old Markbrunner, I could but sigh that time had been denied me to put a vial of laudanum in my pocket. Schmidt would have slept so soundly!"

"Time wore on. 'Shall I pitch him out by main force?' reflected your humble servant. 'Shall I decoy him forth, leave him like one of the babes in the wood to the care of the red-breasts, assume his name, and dash on alone?' Too hazardous. I must take care not to find my way into that dirty old jail at Calais, where the starving debtors are so everlastingly fishing for charitable pence with red wollen nightcaps. The Code Napoleon does not allow of 'robbery with premeditated violence.' More the pity! and then, probably, if alone, I could not procure horses. Shall I tell Schmidt the whole truth, and throw myself on his friendship? No; I should be checked and checkmated. We have rattled through Abbeville, we are even passing Montreuil, and I am just where I was. But, stop! a thought lights up my brain. Will it do?"

"Luckily my adversary was, as I have said, the slowest of all

slow chess-players—heavy, sleek, and sleepy. This gave me the more time to ruminate while he concocted his views upon the chequered field; and my scheme, such as it was, became at length matured. While Schmidt the innocent, with his fishy eyes, was poking over the board, how little he thought upon the real subject of my meditations! At this moment some persons would liken Schmidt to the Indian traveller, laughing in the fulness of his joy, while the Thug, his companion, makes ready the fatal scarf wherewith to strangle him; others would compare him to a calf grazing in a butcher's field. You may liken him to what you will.

"Do you cross from Calais or Boulogne, Schmidt?—Check to your king!"

"Check? I shall interpose the rook. Oh! through the Anglo-mania of the Bourbons, our embassy has worked the telegraph double duty, and at both ports a fast-sailing boat awaits me. I think I shall win this game. Your queen seems to me not upon roses. If the wind hold strong southwest as now, I shall prefer crossing from Boulogne."

"By this time we had reached that little village, I forgot the name of the dog-hole, seven miles on the Paris side of Boulogne. It was half-past four in the afternoon, and we had eaten nothing since our scanty breakfast of bread, butter, and *café au lait*, at eight in the morning. Chess, chess, still had our chess gone on. I knew Schmidt was rather of the gourmand order, and now or never must the buffalo be taken in the lasso; I easily prevailed on him to alight at the little inn of the village, which was also the post-house, for a quarter of an hour, to snatch a hot dinner; which, I assured him, was far better than his dining at Boulogne and crossing the sea on a full stomach; so, chess-board in hand, away went Schmidt the simple into a dark little back room to study his coming move while dinner was dishing. 'Now or never!' I say, was my battle-cry. I rushed out, and demanded, what think you? a blacksmith! I was gazing on our carriage when the man stood before me. No one was within hearing."

"What a curious thing is a carriage like this, friend!" said I, musingly.

"It is!" responded he, in a tone which seemed to say, 'Have you come from Paris to tell me that?'

"A strange wilderness of wheels and springs, of wood and iron. Now what would follow were that large screw there taken out? Answer me promptly!"

"What would follow? Why the coach would go on very well for a few hundred yards, and then would overturn with a crash, and smash all to shivers!"

"Hum!" said I; "and the travellers would doubtless go to *shivers*, as you call it, also? And what if only that tiny screw there were drawn?"

"The body of the vehicle would equally fall upon the hind axle, but without material consequences; causing, however, some inevitable delay."

"Are you the blacksmith always in attendance here? I mean if this carriage overturned descending yonder hill, would it fall to your lot to right it?"

"It would!" and the Frenchman's eye sparkled with intelligence. I could have hugged the swarthy man to my bosom. I adore a blacksmith!

"Here are ten Napoleons," said I; "give me out that little screw, I have a fancy for it." And the screw was in my hand.

"And now," continued I, "here are ten other Napoleons. I hope no accident will happen to us as we leave the village; but should the carriage overturn, have it brought back here to repair, and take a couple of hours to finish the job in, that you may be sure the work is done properly, you know. And remember, O most virtuous of blacksmiths! that a man who earns twenty Napoleons so lightly has two ears but only one tongue."

"Assez, assez, mon maître!" grinned Vulcan emphatically; "je comprends; soyez tranquille! Allez donc!"

"I pocketed the precious screw, and rushed into dinner while the horses were putting to. Schmidt was so tranquil, I felt provoked I had such a lamb to deal with. I intend that screw to go down in my family as an heir-loom."

"We left the inn at full gallop. A very small quantity of pace like ours proved a dose. The body of the carriage dropped gently into a 'critical position.' The postillions pulled up."

"We are overset," cried I.

"God forbid!" said Schmidt; "say it's the English courier!" The man was so deep in that dear chess. "What's to be done?" cried he, coming to his senses.

"I had already sprung out."

"There seems little the matter, Schmidt. Back the carriage to the inn, and all will be right again in a twinkling."

"So said so done. My friend the blacksmith assured us he would repair all damage directly; and, while he began to hammer away, like a Cyclops forging thunderbolts, we philosophers coolly resumed our chess in the inn-parlor. The position of the game was now highly critical, both for me and Napoleon, and also for me and Schmidt. My latter adversary was decidedly under a mate, and his coming move I felt must occupy twenty heavenly minutes! Surely his guardian angel must have been just now taking his siesta!"

"I left the room and darted to the stable. A groom was busy at his work."

"Have you a saddle-horse ready for the road?"

"Yes sir, we've a famous trotting pony,—won the prize last—"

"Enough! I am sent on in advance. Tell the landlord my friend within settles all. Give me the bride!"

"I mounted my Bucephalus and galloped off like the wind."

"Boulogne! Boulogne!" cried I, aloud, as I raced through the village in a state of ungovernable excitement. I was playing the great game with a vengeance. If that horse yet lives, be sure he recollects me."

"I rattled into Boulogne, the St. Pelage of Great Britain, and the very *gendarmérie* quailed before me at the gates. In a minute more I had alighted at the water-side. The soldiers shouted behind for my passport. I threw them some gold, which, as none of their officers happened to be in sight, they were vulgar enough to pick up from the beach. I cast my eyes around. It was six o'clock, and the scene was deeply interesting."

"The breeze had set in well from the west. The evening was cold but bright; the air slightly frosty. The sun yet shone, and lighted up the harbor, tinging the far-off waves with ten thousand shades of emerald hue. It was known already that Napoleon had escaped from his prison-house, and was marching on Paris; and the English residents were flying from France like sheep before the wolf."

A golden harvest was reaping on this narrow sea, and I was hailed in a moment by several bronzed fishermen, with offers of service and vaunts of the superior qualities of their respective vessels. I selected at a glance a stout, trim-looking boat, and leaped on board, leaving my horse to his meditations. I hope, for the hospitality of Boulogne, he was taken care of."

"For Dover!" cried I to the master of the boat. "My pay is five guineas a-man; I must have eight men on board in case it comes on to blow. Be smart, fellows, and away!"

"The men were active as eels. The police were about to detain me with some infernal jargon about my passport again."

"Cut off!" cried I, eagerly.

"My captain, (if I may so term a Breton sailor, half smuggler, half fisherman,) severed the rope which held us to the pier-head,

our heavy brown sails were flung to the wind, and we were sweeping across the waters."

"We dashed under the bows of a large English-built packet, straining at her lashings like mad, ready to kick off in ten seconds. Her sails were flying abroad, and several stout hands were at the tacks, ready to sheet them home. The captain was reading the very stones and windows of the town, impatiently through a glass. The mob of idle spectators were so busily engaged watching his proceedings, I was hardly noticed."

"A nice craft, that!"

"Yes, sir; waiting for the English courier. If he don't make haste she'll lose her tide."

"I should be sorry for that," said I. "Give her a wide berth, and go ahead."

"And we did go ahead! I have crossed Calais Straits many times, but never under such exciting circumstances. Every bit of canvas we could stretch was spread, and the billows washed our deck from stem to stern. The men were on their mettle, and the little vessel answered gloriously to the call; shaking herself after each wash like a wild duck, and dipping her wings again to kiss the briny waters. At one moment I verily thought we should have been swamped. My fellows themselves hesitated, and seemed inclined to take in sail."

"Carry on!" cried our captain.

"A little more washing, and we were in comparatively smooth water under the chalk cliffs of Albion. By half-past nine I had left Dover, and was tearing along the London road behind four fleet horses. Canterbury and Rochester were won and lost. I took the direction of London, and my carriage pulled up before the gates of R——'s villa at five o'clock in the morning. I had come from Paris in thirty hours."

"Thirty-one!" here interpolated the accurate Mr. Goldball.

Wolverdenden smiled.

"The inmates must have thought I had come to take the mansion by storm, so powerful were my appeals to the great bell, as I stood at the gates in the early sunbeams of the morning. In five minutes more, I found myself by the conjugal bed of R——. God only knows how I got there!"

"Assuredly the R——s received me as they had never done visitor before, sitting up both in bed, side by side, rubbing their eyes, as just awakened from a deep sleep. I had made my entry *vi et armis*, and by the time R—— was fully awakened up, had handed in my credentials. Without pausing a moment in my hitherto successful career, I rapidly explained the circumstances of the case, and minutely detailed the situation of our Paris house. What words I used I cannot remember. Indeed I spoke as in a state of delirium. I had not slept for two days and nights, and my brain began to reel for want of rest."

"Go into my dressing-room there," said R——, with the most imperturbable sangfroid. "Do me the favor to open the shutters, and in three minutes I will be with you."

"I retired mechanically, a heavy load seemed already moved from my chest. In every tone of the great mau's voice was something more than authority; there was genius, talent, and power. I felt that our position was fully understood, and so profound was my confidence in the king of the London merchants, I already felt assured we should find relief in his counsels. How extraordinary that so much effect should have been produced by half-a-dozen commonplace words."

"I threw myself upon a sofa. R—— joined me. He wore a scarlet nightcap, and, enveloped in the blanket he had hastily dragged off the bed, he looked, with his grizzly beard and massive throat, like a chief of the Cherokee Indians about to give the war-whoop. But I thought at the moment of neither nightcap nor blanket; I thought only of Napoleon Bonaparte on the one hand, and R—— on the other; and I would have staked my life on the latter, simply because he seemed master of himself. It is so easy to govern others!"

"R—— was grand, he was sublime! Startled abruptly from his sleep, informed that the whole fortunes of his house were trembling in the balance—that the mighty European edifice he had for so many years been laboring to establish was tottering in the wind—that name, fame, and fortune, were being rent asunder, he was still R——. He was the lion of the desert awakened to battle by the jungle tiger of the East, and rushing at once to the desperate conflict. Only, be it remarked, that lions of the desert seldom appear in flannel, even in the Zoological Gardens."

"Mauvaise plaisanterie!" sneered the poet to Miss Knaggett.

"Coarse person, with his flannel and his nightcap!" responded she of the bones.

Wolverdenden heard not the remark. He proceeded:

"R—— spoke, and in the same quiet tone with which he could have ordered his *maitre d'hôtel* to get him a cutlet."

"Return to France," said he—to my brother with all speed. Spare no exertion at all hazards to be in Paris some little time before Napoleon enters, and all will go well. Your services in this affair will not be forgotten by our house. To thank you here were waste of time. Now mark my words! I have no faith in the Napoleon dynasty. The emperor has returned too soon. The army will declare in his favor, but the nation, torn by war, will not stand by him. The natural cry of France is, 'Peace, peace!' that we may heal up our wounds.' The emperor may win a battle, but he must fall before numbers, and his fall this time will be for ever. I give him a hundred days' reign, and no more. Very well. If I believed in the endurance of Napoleon, I should say, 'Make a friend of him—lend him this gold'; but as it is, the bullion must be preserved. I know the Bourbons. If the emperor borrow the gold, even in the name of the government, and pawn the palace of Fontainebleau and the Louvre for the amount, the others are capable of disavowing the transaction. And although the absolute loss of this sum would not of itself shake us, yet the credit of our name would be severely damaged; a run upon our branch houses would inevitably follow, and we should be compelled to stop payment before we could realize our assets. And yet true policy forbids our now directly affronting the emperor. How then to act? The problem to be solved is this—to keep the gold out of his hands, and yet to remain friends with him. And thus would I have my brother proceed. Treasure up my every word, sir; and digest it *en route*. All paper money in France will now be depreciated. Any premium will be given for gold to hoard during the crisis. We have undue bills to the amount of millions and millions flying about Paris. I pray you mark this, sir. Seek out the holders of our paper, call it all in, and pay it off in gold. The money market will be so pressed that even our name will be at a discount. Work out this scheme, and watch the result. Every holder of a note of hand will be glad to allow ten per cent. discount for gold. Call in all. Leave not a rag of paper existing in any corner of Paris with our name thereon as acceptors. Should it chance that even then you do not find bills enough come in to absorb the gold, let my brother extend the operation, and discount equally the flying bills of the three Paris houses, marked in his secret memorandum-book as A, B, C. Never mind whether the bills have two, four, or six months to run. I say pay off all. Ferret them out from every corner of Paris. Lock your paper in your chest, and the ship will ride on the storm. How like you the plan, sir? Ha! The bills will be useless to Napoleon. Gold alone will meet his views, and he must get it through those houses who have been a

the secret of his return. Meanwhile, bid my brother be foremost at the Tuileries' levees, and profuse in his assurances of devotion to the emperor, with regret that he has no gold."

"R—— paused, as if to demand my applause for his plan. I saw it all; the riddle was solved. Success was all but certain. Check to Napoleon! and probably check-mate; for other blows are yet in reserve for him! R—— resumed, with the gravity of a veteran commanding in a battery with the bullets flying around him.

"Tell my brother, moreover, to operate on the French funds for a rise, the moment they recover from their first depression. Operate largely, and in the certainty that the Bourbon star will shine again, in less than four months, brighter, and more enduring, from the dark cloud having passed away. Remind my brother, however, to operate against the emperor only through third parties, and to beware; for Napoleon will owe us a grudge for present proceedings, though at first he will be too eager to court public opinion to dare to seek revenge on our house. And now, away with you, sir, on the wings of the wind; but, hold! what is the earliest hour at which the courier of the English embassy can be at the Foreign Office here?"

"I should say, eight or nine."

"Ha!" said R——; "then stop yet a moment. Thy coming is, indeed, a God-send!"

"Seating himself, R—— hastily wrote and sealed a short note, addressed to Lord C——.

"Leave London by Westminster, and hand in this note as you pass Downing-street (of course you know London,) to be delivered as early as possible. Lord C—— comes punctually to business at nine o'clock, and will find it on his desk. It is right that I should briefly acquaint his lordship with the outbreak of Napoleon."

"But," remarked I (child as I was, compared with R——,) "would you not prefer my leaving it at his lordship's residence; in which case he would get it at least two hours sooner?"

"Content yourself, young man," returned the chief, with a grim smile; "obey orders without reasoning upon them. Ahem! he might not like to be disturbed so early. Besides how, do we know he is at home? There; I date my envelope 'half-past five A.M.' can man do more? And now away, sir. We shall soon meet again. Return by Calais. The Boulonnais might lay hold of you."

"But allow me to remark, one difficulty remains," observed I; "I have no passport."

"Oh, I can remedy that in a moment. The English government allow me to keep a few blanks for emergencies."

"With R——, to will and to do appeared to be the same thing. He filled me up a passport ready signed, describing me as on "a special mission;" and we parted with a cordial squeeze of the hand. I can truly say, I neither ate nor drank in or near the British metropolis."

"How shall we drive, sir?" asked the postboys, as we crossed Westminster Bridge.

"Drive," said I, "as if the devil were after us!"

"Luck was on my side throughout this eventful chess game; for such I contend it was in the highest signification of the word. Life is chess on a grand scale, and chess is an emblem of life, with its hopes and its fears, its losses and its gains; only, in chess, if you lose one game through a false move, you can set up the pieces and play another. My chances of checkmating the emperor now increased hourly. The ball was at my foot. It may be said, the greater share of the laurel-branch ought to be R——'s. Never mind, I was not puffed up with pride. Could I have a more worthy partner than the mighty monarch of European finance? It was king against Kaiser, and mine own was at least the hand that moved the pieces."

Fate was constant throughout my journey. I reached Dover and Calais without an accident, and reeled into our Paris counting-house, more dead than alive, soon after noon, on the 8th day of March. I need not say how delighted was our French R—— at the counsel I brought. All hands went immediately to work, to carry out the scheme. As for me, I went to bed.

"R——'s behavior was perfect. He made me keep the ring I wore, and thus I gained my carbuncle. More valuable orders of merit have been given by monarchs for services of inferior value."

"To make my narrative complete, I must here trouble you with a chapter of dates."

"Bonaparte had landed in France March 1, and the news came to the Tuileries, as I have said, by the Lyons telegraph, on the 5th. On the 6th Louis le Désiré, issued his first proclamation, and ran away from Paris, his loved city, on the 19th. March 12, the emperor entered Lyons; left that city next day; was at Fontainebleau on the 20th; and came into Paris on the same day, at nine o'clock at night. *Le petit Caporal* had covered two hundred French leagues, partly hostile, in twenty days; not bad work, considering a part of the journey was performed on foot, that armies were to be conquered, and municipal authorities harrangued, *en route*, in every town. On my part (for, as I am playing chess with the emperor, I may here contrast my doings with his,) I had left Paris on the 5th of March, and was back at my post on the 8th. We were, morally speaking, assured of at least a clear week, even should the troops sent to oppose the emperor unite themselves to his cause. A good deal may be done in a week!"

"The success of the house of R—— was complete; and Napoleon, as far as our game went, was irrevocably checkmated. All our gold was paid away; barely a single twenty-franc piece remained in our treasure-vaults. We stood upon our bills and waited the event."

"On the 21st of March, the emperor had a grand levee at the palace of the Tuileries, to which our chief went, though with a trembling heart. Bonaparte looked at him from head to foot, with anything but a pleasant expression of countenance, and turned on his heel with this one significant phrase, 'I see that there are two Napoleons in Europe!'"

"The courtiers stared at each other, but could not read the riddle. Our R—— saw that his counterplot was known, and appreciated, though not perhaps gratefully! During the hundred days' reign—that meteor-flash of regained power—the emperor took no farther notice of the matter, but subsequently alluded to it at St. Helena, in his conversations with La Casas. He then laughed at the trick, and owned we had completely foiled him. A Napoleon to confess himself beaten is twice vanquished."

"My friend, Schmidt the heavy, never can have forgotten the last game of chess we played together, but was fortunate enough to be able to conceal the thing from his employers. He is still in the land of the living, but we have never seen each other since I left him studying how to parry the impending checkmate. Should we ever meet, I shall be happy to finish the game, though I have never had leisure to play even a single party of chess since. Chess is a game for the poor, the idle, and the infirm; and, thanks to R——, I am now none of those. A liberal advance of capital on the part of the two brothers of Paris and London enabled me to call into existence the house of Wolverdenden and Co., bankers and merchants, of Hamburg, of which firm I am, as friend Goldhall there knows, the head partner. I have never divulged this affair before; but, after twenty-eight years, feel at liberty to treat it as a matter of history; only, as I should not wish it to go farther, I will thank the company present to respect my desire. The finance of Europe is its very heart's blood, and the multitude should not be too easily initiated into the mysteries of the temple."

"And now, in the manner that conquerors count over their spoils, let me briefly sum up the gains of the R——s. The net is thrown into the waters, and drawn to land; let us tell over the fish taken."

"Firstly, you will take notice, that, in our exchange of gold for paper—hailed at the time, like the changing of the new lamps for old in the Arabian tale of Aladdin,—in this exchange, I say, we cleared a profit of ten per cent.; making ten millions of francs net of itself. The conqueror lost Waterloo—commerce was restored—oil was poured upon the waters—the Bourbons crept forth from their holes, like mice when the cat is out of sight. Gold became a dead-weight—bills were in requisition for remittance to foreign countries—the bullion all came back to our vaults—and we favored our friends, by charging them only 7 to 8 per cent. premium for taking the cumbersome burden off their hands!"

"The Bourbons were not ungrateful. With an incomparable degree of adroitness, R—— made them see that we had been instrumental in crippling the resources of the emperor! Thus goes the world. In return for our fidelity to the *fleur-de-lis*, we were permitted to suck some of its sweetest honey. The records of French finance yet ring with our gains upon the Bourse, through our buyings and sellings of stock upon this occasion."

"On the morning I bore the news to England, R—— went down to the Stock Exchange of the British metropolis at nine o'clock. He was always a punctual man. At this very time, Schmidt was about to open his budget to his employers at Westminster. Acting through agents, R—— operated in the funds to an enormous amount for an anticipated fall. His brokers did all this, while the great man was quietly reading the Times newspaper. I will not dwell upon the results in figures. The crop was enormous! At ten A. M. the news came to the Stock Exchange from the Government Home Office, and the thing was blown. It was the interest of R——'s brokers to keep the secret, and they did so. In the course of the same day, Lord C. forwarded to the illustrious R—— an autograph letter from the Prince Regent, thanking him for his personal attention, as well as for his disinterested conduct, in placing his own private information at the service of government, before the arrival of their own courier! Now it is all over, I look back with astonishment. We have many great financiers, but no R——. My story is done."

"What a great man was R——!" said Goldhall with a deep sigh. "A great man, indeed!" was echoed around the dinner-table."

There was a dead pause—a pause similar to that which sunk down upon the rival fleets at the battle of Aboukir after the blowing up of L'Orient. The silence upon the present occasion was an offering to the glorious memory of the departed R——.

Owing to the length of the story of Von Wolverdenden, the sitting of the ladies after dinner had almost resolved itself into what the Chamber of Deputies would term "a state of permanency," much to the vexation of our dear friend Miss Knaggett, who prided herself on "the proprieties." The usual thanks were showered down upon Wolverdenden, like wreaths of flowers upon the head of a successful singer. Mrs. Goldhall then gave the customary glance round the table, and rose to leave for the drawing-room. During this momentary bustle, the silence was broken, and all tongues were running at once, as if to make up for so much lost time; and also by way of firing a parting salute upon the disappearance of the ladies."

The illustrious poet of the Poles, Stanislas Poniatowski, Skinund-grieff, rushed to escort Miss Knaggett as far as the door, just as the fair hostess, Mrs. Goldhall, was putting this question to the interesting spinster:

"How did you like the story?"

Miss Knaggett was one of those who love to go off with a *mot*. "Mon âne parle, et même il parle bien," replied she, quoting La Fucelle.

"Balaam's ass spoke once," cried the poet, boldly.

Von Wolverdenden heard the two remarks.

"The greater number of asses never speak at all!" said Wolverdenden.

ADDRESS OF THE FRENCH EM-  
PEROR TO THE LEGISLATIVE  
BODY, AND THEIR ANSWER.

*Paris, Oct. 26, 1808.*

Yesterday his majesty the emperor and king went in great state to the Palace of the Legislative body, in order to open the sitting. His majesty addressed the assembly as follows :



*Messieurs, the Deputies of the departments to the Legislative Body,*

The code of laws, laying down the principles of property and of civil freedom, which forms the subject of your labours, will be adopted as the sentiment of Europe. My people already experience the most salutary effects from them.

The latest laws have laid the foundation of our system of finance. That is a monument of the might and greatness of France. We shall henceforward be able to meet the expenditure which might be rendered necessary, even by a general coalition of Europe, from our yearly income alone.—Never shall we be reduced to have recourse to the fatal expedients of paper-money, of loans, or of anticipation of revenue.

I have, in the present year, laid out more than a thousand miles of road. The system of works which I have established for the improvement of our territory, will be carried forward with zeal.

The prospect of the great French family, lately torn to pieces by opinions and intestine rancour, but now prosperous, tranquil, and united, has affected my soul in a remarkable manner. *I have felt that, in order to be happy, I should in the first place be assured that France was happy.*

The peace of Presburg, that of Tilsit, the assault of Copenhagen, the plans of England against all nations on the ocean, the different revolutions at Constantinople, the affairs of Spain and Portugal have, in various ways, exercised an influence on the affairs of the world.

Russia and Denmark have united with me against England.

The United States of America have rather chosen to abandon commerce and the sea, than to acknowledge their slavery.

A part of my army has marched against that which England has formed in Spain, or has disembarked. It is a distinguished favour of that Providence which has constantly protected our arms, that passion has so far blinded the English councils, that they abandon the defence of the seas, and at last produce their army on the continent.

I depart in a few days to put myself in person at the head of my army, and, with God's help to crown the king of Spain in Madrid, and to plant my eagles on the forts of Spain.

I have only to praise the sentiments of the princes of the confederation of the Rhine.

Switzerland experiences more and more the benefits of the Act of Mediation.

The people of Italy gave me grounds for nothing but expressions of satisfaction.

The emperor of Russia and myself have had an interview at Erfurth. Our first thought was a thought of peace. We had even resolved to make some sacrifices, in order to enable the hundred millions of men whom we represent, if possible, the sooner to enjoy the benefits of the commerce of the seas. *We are agreed, and unchangeably united, as well for peace as for war.*

*Messieurs Deputies,*

I have ordered my Ministers of Finance and of the General Treasury, to lay before you an account of the receipt and expen-

diture of the year. You will therein see, with satisfaction, that I have not felt it necessary to increase the tariff with any impost. My people shall experience no new burden.

The speakers of my council of state will submit to you many plans of laws, and among others all those which have relation to the criminal code.

I rely constantly on your co-operation.

## FRENCH IMPERIAL DECREES.

*At our Royal Palace, at Milan,  
December 17, 1807.*

Napoleon, emperor of the French, king of Italy, and protector of the Rhinish confederation:

Observing the measures adopted by the British government, on the 11th of November last, by which vessels belonging to neutral, friendly, or even powers the allies of England, are made liable, not only to be searched by English cruizers, but to be compulsorily detained in England, and to have a tax laid on them of so much per cent. on the cargo, to be

regulated by the British legislature :

Observing that by these acts the British government denationalizes ships of every nation in Europe ; that it is not competent for any government to detract from its own independence and rights, all the sovereigns of Europe having in trust the sovereignties and independence of the flag ; that if, by an unpardonable weakness, and which, in the eyes of posterity, would be an indelible stain, such a tyranny was allowed to be established into principles and consecrated by usage, the English would avail themselves of it to assert it as a right, as they have availed themselves of the tolerance of governments to establish the infamous principle, that the flag of a nation does not cover goods, and to give to their right of blockade an arbitrary extension, and which infringes on the sovereignty of every state ; we have decreed, and do decree, as follows :

Art. I. Every ship, to whatever nation it may belong, that shall have submitted to be searched by an English ship, or to a voyage to England, or that shall have paid any tax whatever to the English government, is thereby, and for that alone, declared to be denationalized, to have forfeited the protection of its king, and to have become English property.

Art. II. Whether the ships thus denationalized by the arbitrary measures of the English government enter our ports or those of our allies, or whether they fall into the hands of our ships of war or of our privateers, they are declared to be good and lawful prizes.

Art. III. The British islands are declared to be in a state of block-

ade, both by land and sea. Every ship, of whatever nation, or whatsoever the nature of its cargo so may be, that sails from the ports of England, or those of the English colonies, and of the countries occupied by English troops, and proceeding to England, or to the English colonies, or to countries occupied by English troops, is good and lawful prize, as contrary to the present decree ; and may be captured by our ships of war or our privateers, and adjudged to the captor.

Art. IV. These measures, which are resorted to only in just retaliation of the barbarous system adopted by England, which assimilates its legislation to that of Algiers, shall cease to have any effect with respect to all nations who shall have the firmness to compel the English government to respect their flag. They shall continue to be rigorously in force as long as that government does not return to the principle of the law of nations, which regulates the relations of civilized states in a state of war. The provisions of the present decree shall be abrogated and null, in fact, as soon as the English abide again by the principles of the law of nations, which are also the principles of justice and of honour.

All our ministers are charged with the execution of the present decree, which shall be inserted in the bulletin of the laws.

NAPOLEON.

By order of the emperor, the secretary of state,

H. B. MARET.

*Circular Letter, addressed by the Minister of the Interior to the Chambers of Commerce.*



You are not unacquainted, gentlemen, with the late acts of the British government, that last stage of the oppression of the commerce of the world; you know that it has resolved to destroy the feeble remains of the independence of the seas. It now thinks proper, that henceforth no ship shall navigate the seas without touching at its ports, without a tribute to its pretended sovereignty, and without receiving from it an ignominious licence.

Thus the ocean is henceforward only the field of slavery; the usurpation of the most sacred of the rights of nations is consummated; and this tyrannic yoke is to press upon them until the day of vengeance, or until, brought to a due sense of moderation, the English government will itself calm its rage, and break that sceptre to which the nations of the continent will never consent to submit.

I am calling our common attention to the important circumstances which must powerfully induce us to awaken your patriotism and your wisdom. One would have imagined, that every obstruction and restraint that clogged the course of the commerce on the continent had been exhausted; still, however, they are going to be aggravated by the measures lately adopted by England; but they will find our minds made up to struggle against, and to overcome, this new mode of oppression.

We must not shut our eyes to the consequences. Importation and exportation, already so much restricted, will soon be much more so. Every thing connected with maritime commerce; every thing that depends upon it, will now be liable to more difficulties, to more

uncertainty. There are, however, two channels that still remain open.

The power of attacking every ship that renounces the independence of its national flag, by a shameful submission to the British sovereignty, and by navigating under a British licence, will open a wide field to the hopes of our commanders. Such a resource will not prove ineffectual, and French commerce will not devote itself uselessly to that sort of warfare which never lets courage, dexterity, and decision go unrewarded.

We have moreover to hope that neutral ships will elude the vigilance of the English cruizers: the immense extent of the coasts of the empire will favour and protect their enterprizes.

These resources ought not to be undervalued, nor counted for nothing. France will submit to a temporary situation, which can only change with time, and with new exertions: but her enemy shall not deprive her of the main basis of her prosperity, her internal communication, her relations with the continent, where she no longer sees any but friends or allies; her soil will not be less fertile, her industry will not maintain itself the less, though deprived of some materials which it is not impossible to replace.

To this last proposition I am rather anxious, gentlemen, to direct your attention. You have advice to give, and examples to hold out to commerce. You must already foresee the effect of the privation of certain materials, more especially of cotton, and of ingredients for dyeing cotton, of which a quantity has been stored up in France; that which we shall derive from the

Levant, and that which, at a more distant period, we shall reap from our indigenous culture, not unsuccessfully essayed, will suffice to support, in a great measure, our manufactures; but in the expectation that some of them may experience privation, we must have recourse, as far as possible, to hemp and flax, in order to provide occupation for those manufacturers who would no longer be employed with articles of cotton. It were desirable that we could circumscribe our consumption within the products of the materials the growth of our soil, and restrain the unhappy effects of habits and taste contracted for manufactures that would render us dependent upon foreign countries.

The materials for dyeing may become scarce, but many of them may be replaced by the productions of our soil. We will dispense with the rest by a slight sacrifice of some colours, which may please from their apparent greater beauty, without adding any thing to the intrinsic goodness of the article. Besides, no small reliance is to be placed on the genius of our manufacturers; it will triumph over these difficulties.

The channels which, in spite of these usurpations, will remain open to importation, may not suffice for the consumption of sugar and coffee; these objects of a secondary utility may become scarce; but the great mass of the nation will not suffer from this temporary privation; habits of indulgence too widely indulged will be counteracted and restrained by the rise in the price.

And besides, is it to be supposed that the great nation will allow itself to be intimidated by the privation of some futile enjoyments?

Her armies have endured, without a murmur, the most pinching wants: that great example will not have been held out in vain; and when we have in view to reconquer the independence of the seas; when we have in view to rescue and redeem commerce from the ruinous acts of piracy that are juridically exercised against it; when we have in view the vindication of the national honour, and the breaking down of those *farce caudine* which England is attempting to erect upon our coasts, the French people will support, with the dignity and the courage that belong to their great character, the momentary sacrifices that are imposed upon their taste, their habits, and their industry.

The commerce of Europe will soon, no doubt, be rescued from oppression. The interests of nations; the honour of sovereigns; the magnanimous resolutions of the most powerful of the allies of France; the power and wish of the hero who rules over us; the justice of a cause to which Heaven will grant its protection: every motive concurs to decide the contest; nor can its issue remain uncertain. Accept, gentlemen, the assurance of my sincere esteem.

CRETET.

*At the Palace of the Thuilleries,  
January 11, 1808.*

Napoleon, emperor of the French, king of Italy, &c. Upon the report of the minister of finances, seeing our decrees of November 23, and December 17, 1807, with the concurrence of our council of state, have decreed, and do decree as follows:

Art. I. Whenever a vessel shall have entered a French port, or that of a country occupied by our armies, any man of the crew, or a passenger, who shall declare to the principal of the custom-house, that the said comes from England or her colonies, or countries occupied by English troops, or that it has been visited by any English vessel, shall receive a third part of the produce of the net sale of the ship and cargo, provided his declaration be found correct.

II. The principal of the custom-house, who shall receive the declaration mentioned in the preceding article, shall, in conjunction with the commissary of police, who shall be called for that purpose, and the two principal of the custom-house officers of the port, cause each of the crew and passengers to undergo, separately, the interrogatory prescribed by the second article of our decree of the 23d November, 1807.

III. Any functionary or agent of government, who shall be convicted of having favoured the contravention of our decrees of the 23d of November and 17th December, 1807, shall be prosecuted in the criminal court of the department of the Seine, which shall be formed into a special tribunal for this purpose, and punished, if convicted, as if guilty of high treason.

IV. Our ministers are charged, each in his respective department, with the execution of the present decree.

NAPOLÉON.

—  
*Paris, January 23.*

The conservative senate, assembled to the number of members prescribed by act 90 of the act of the

constitution of the 22d of Frimaire, year 8, having considered the project of the senatus consultum, drawn in the form prescribed by article 57 of the constitutional act of the 16th Thermidor, year 16; after having heard, on the motives of the said project, the orators of the council of state, and the report of the special commission nominated in the sitting of the 16th of this month; the adoption having been discussed with the number of voices prescribed by article 56 of the organic senatus consultum of the 18th of Thermidor, year 10, decrees as follows:

Art. I. Eighty thousand conscripts, of the conscription of the year 1809, are placed at the disposal of government.

II. They shall be taken from among the youths born between the 1st of January, 1789, and January 1st, 1790.

III. They shall be employed, should there be occasion, to complete the legions of reserve of the interior, and the regiments having their depots in France.

The present senatus consultum shall be transmitted to his imperial and royal majesty.

The president and secretaries,  
CAMBACÈRES,  
*Arch-chancellor of the empire,*  
*president.*

T. HEDOUVILLE HERWYN,  
*Secretary.*

Seen and sealed, the chancellor of the senate,

LA PLACE.

We require and command, that these presents, sanctioned by the seals of state, and inserted in the Bulletin des Loix, shall be addressed to the courts and tribunals and administrative authorities, that they may be inserted in their re-

spective registers, and caused to be observed ; and our grand judge, the minister of justice, is charged to superintend the publication.

NAPOLÉON.

By the emperor, the minister  
secretary of state,

H. B. MARET.

Seen by us, the arch-chancellor  
of the empire,

CAMBACÈRES.

—

By another decree of the conservatory senate, in the same form, the towns of Kehl, Wesel, Cassel, and Flushing are to be united to the French empire: Kehl to the department of the Lower Rhine; Cassel to the department of Mount Tonnerre; Wesel to the department of the Roer; and Flushing to the department of the Scheldt.

THE SELECTOR.

No. 13.

LUCIEN BONAPARTE.

*A fashionable Parisian Anecdote.*

THIS once favourite of Napoleon continues to reside on an estate in the Ecclesiastical States, preferring a tranquil retreat, with the society of a lovely wife, and some few friends, to the agitated life and brilliant misery that encompasses his *Imperial* and *Royal* brothers. Master of a fortune, above two millions sterling, he has announced

himself another Medicis, and is hailed in Italy a liberal patron of all those who evince any talents in cultivating the sciences or fine arts. His valuable gallery of pictures and statues, as well as his select and curious library, is not only daily open for the free admittance of artists and men of letters, but a table richly spread, where all of them who are inclined, may be gratuitously entertained. All men of any merit are, besides, encouraged by presents while those whose abilities do not correspond with their zeal or inclination, are advised to choose another situation in life, and, if poor, a sum of money, as a loan, always accompanies the advice. Father of three pretty children, their education occupies a great part of his time; an occupation in which he is assisted by a wife, to whom love alone united him. She seems more dear to him for having been the cause of his disagreement with Napoleon; a disagreement that transformed into a quiet philosopher a man who otherwise would have augmented the number of wretched upstart kings, now debasing and disgracing Monarchy on the Continent. For this sacrifice, if any, Madame Lucien has, by her loveliness, amply rewarded him.

It has lately been reported at Paris, that after the peace of Tilsit, Napoleon sent a confidential officer, young Serbelloni, to Lucien, informing him of the elevation of Jerome on the throne of Westpha-

lia, and offering him the united thrones of Spain and Portugal upon condition of following the example of Jerome, and discarding the mother of his children.—“ Good God !” exclaimed Lucien, “ Napoleon hates then for ever all those whom he once hated. My wife has never offended him, and though not of an illustrious parentage, her family is at least as good as our own, and her soul is of a mould superior to that of any Princess modern Germany can produce. Besides, my only ambition is to make all those within these walls comfortable ; if I see them contented, I shall live and die gratified to the greatest extent of my wishes. I enjoy, more than I can express, the innocent caresses of my family ; while the interested cringing of debased courtiers would perhaps make me disgusted with the whole human species. If I have any desire to reign, it is only in the hearts of all those near and dear to me ; I mean, in the bosoms of my wife and children.”

With this reply Serbelloni is said to have returned to Paris, instead of going to Rome, to put the Pope into requisition for annulling the *ill-sorted* marriage of our brother Lucien.

Madame Lucien was a young, rich, and handsome widow of a contractor at Paris, where her present husband began to pay his addresses to her. He first tried to seduce her, but finding her as vir-

tuous as accomplished, he handed her to the altar, and has never repented of an act that separated him from his family, and even deprived him of a throne.—He is now in his 37th, and she in her 25th year. By his present conduct, Lucien seems to wish to repair, as much as in his power, his early vicious or criminal propensities and deeds, and, by the liberal employment of his fortune, he endeavours to make the world forgive, if not forget, its very impure source.



NAPOLEON AND HIS MARSHALS.\*

THE MAN again, of whom more has already been written, we believe, than of any other human being, and of whom more remains to be, that is, *will* be, written, we imagine, than has yet appeared. It is not wonderful. Whatever opinion admirers or defamers may form of his moral character, his career, from the beginning to the close, was the most extraordinary, the most unexpected, the most thoroughly startling, whether considered in its parts or as a whole, that has ever passed before the eyes of the world. Alexander's career was undoubtedly magnificent. It was a great enterprise, conducted with constant splendor and success, not only to the overthrow of ancient empires supported by immense wealth and powerful armies, but into distant countries, "barbaric born," of which only vague reports had come to the ears of civilized nations. From the valley of the Nile to Babylon, Persia and the Indus, his course was one series of memorable triumphs; and to have always conquered is sufficient to give any military chieftain an undying name. Besides his great conquests, moreover, he gave evidences of a mind at once regal and statesmanlike; his views of government were capacious, his plans for the building of cities and the establishment of empire and commerce far-reaching and noble. Had he lived, it is probable that not one half of his reputation would have rested on his achievements in arms. Hannibal was the second great leader of antiquity, and was unquestionably a genius of the highest order. His native genius, indeed, was probably far superior to that of Alexander. The conqueror of Persia conducted his expeditions mainly against half-barbarous nations; the indomitable Carthaginian man to wage war with a civilized people, and the most experienced military power in the world. Alexander, again, invaded large and open countries, from which, if repulsed, it would have been easy to draw his armies aside into neighboring territories possessing small means of resistance; but Hannibal led his swarthy legions to the summits of the Alps and hurled them down into the bosom of a narrow and crowded peninsula, where every second man was a warrior, and from which there was no drawing back except with victory. This achievement of scaling so vast a chain of mountains with an armed host was superior to all others of the kind, including Napoleon's boasted passage, inasmuch as it was the first, the original, leaving the rest to be in a measure but imitations. This terrible descent into Italy, with the victories and the reverses which followed—equally mighty but equally honorable to his military fame, if we except his strange negligence in not marching direct upon Rome after the battle of Cannæ—all consummated by a close of life magnanimous as unfortunate, conspire to make his career among the most remarkable on record. Julius Cæsar, as a character, was superior to both the former. There was no one point in his life quite so imposing or startling, as those which make up the thrilling history of Alexander and Hannibal; but there was an accomplished greatness about him which neither of them possessed. He was of a race prolific in masterly talent, of an age adorned with the highest attainments of the intellect. The resources of arms they had learned in centuries of warfare; the august beauties of law were native with themselves; the splendors of arts and letters they had lavishly adopted. They had subdued the various provinces of Italy, destroyed Carthage, conquered Greece, overrun all the states and kingdoms in the East, which Alexander overran before them, and were now invading the vast nations among the forests of Gaul and Germany. Of that race, and in such an age, Cæsar was undoubtedly the greatest production. The proof of his greatness lay with him, as with all who are great, in his ability to do whatever he planned or aspired to. There is, in fact, no other evidence that a man is great. For it is a very false idea that genius is always greatness. The latter, in its broadest comprehension, must include the former under some shape, but this does not of necessity fill the latter. It argues necessarily the possession of some extraordinary quality or qualities; but these may exist in erratic minds, and their possessors often accomplish memorable things rather as matters of chance than as difficult efforts, marked out at a distance, yet broadly conceived, and overtaken and executed with the fullness of sustained purpose. To have many large qualities, loftily balanced—and those not only of mind but of *character*—to estimate himself never by what he has done, but by what he can do; to regard the objects in view, however vast, as no greater than many others, and as a part only of what is to be accomplished; to recognize them as already effected because resolved upon, remaining unrelated in the time of triumph because it was expected—in a word, to be always master of himself to the measure of achievement, yet never show achievement to be the measure of his capacity—this, in a man, and this alone, is the highest greatness. It was to this order of men Cæsar belonged. This is not saying that he was able to do anything which could be done by any other man—for it is a part of the greatness of which we have spoken, that it sees clearly what does, and what does not, lie in its capacity to accomplish. Whatever Cæsar undertook to do, Cæsar did; and he showed ability to triumph on many fields which he scarcely entered. He was not unwise enough (like Cicero) to attempt the heights of poetry—for which he probably had no faculty; but he displayed evidences of consummate power in such various spheres, that some have thought him to have been only a man of general talent than of genius, when in fact it was the rare exhibition of genius covering many fields at once. That he was a finished writer of prose, is amply testified by his "Commentaries," where the native directness and simplicity of style, joined with mastery ease and strength, have made them a model for all subsequent composition of the kind. It is not difficult, indeed, to conclude from them, that he would have been a master in any species of writing to which he might have turned his attention. In history, we imagine, he would have been especially eminent, possessing much of Tacitus' brevity and terseness, with much of Levy's breadth of brush and vividness of coloring, while in a clear understanding of matters of government, so necessary to the perfection of history, he would have been superior to both. Whether he might have placed his name with Cicero's in philosophy, we cannot judge, though he had unquestionably far more sense and judgment—no small requisites for such works; and it is conceded by all who have studied him and his times, that in oratory he would have equalled if not excelled the great Roman declaimer, had he pressed into that field with the skill and the vigor which he carried into his campaigns and battle-fields, and ambitious schemes of power. But, as with Napoleon, war and empire had more attractions for his strong energies, and it is there we see the chief exhibitions of the man. Beyond question he was among the five or six first military characters of all nations. He planned his campaigns with a far-reaching foresight, and conducted them with infinitely more science than any general before him had exhibited. He fought seven times as many pitched battles as any leader of antiquity, and more than any modern commander except Napoleon; his eagles were never vanquished; and the range of his conquests nearly doubled the extent of the Roman Empire. In civil matters, among the responsibilities and perils of government, there is evidence enough that he showed equal capacities. He was born both to conquer and to rule; and had he been suffered to bear the full weight of empire and a crown, it would have rested as easily and naturally upon him as his iron helmet. And then comes in the fitting manner of his death to make him "a mark for history!" Julius Cæsar was amongst the greatest men whom Rome and the world have ever produced. In modern times the most striking career was that of Cromwell. Rising from low origin, in as stormy a period as ever upturned the elements of a strong-minded people from the bottom, his iron will, his energy, his stern military capacities, his amazing sense and sagacity in all civil affairs and extraordinary gift at piercing the characters and the motives of men, enabled him to ascend rapidly to the command of the army, lead his nasal psalm-singing Roundheads to constant victory, overturn the throne, behead a King, seize the reins of revolution into his hands of steel, assume fearlessly the immense responsibilities of government, and manage the interests of his country, both at home and abroad, with an easy skill and vigor to which there has been no parallel, before or since, in any English ruler. What was more remarkable than all—he *died in his bed*. Other characters, too, of modern ages—Marlborough, Turenne, Condé, Frederick of Prussia, the "Mad Swede," Spinola, and the "Great Captain" of Spain, ran a brilliant course, and exhibited eminent abilities—all of them in war, and one or two in matters of State. Nor is it possible in any such enumeration, to pass by him who carried us safely through the protracted, painful, and most desperate struggle of our Revolution, and afterwards through the more perilous period of civil weakness, discord and universal despondency. Though the armies brought into the contest were at no time very large, so that compared with the terrible battles fought in European wars, our separate engagements were of small account, yet the conduct of Washington throughout, with such inadequate means, and forces so divided over a vast country, with

the extraordinary energy and judgment displayed in many particular situations of hazard and difficulty, declare him to have possessed military capacities of the highest order. Then how large was his wisdom! How great his virtues! The latter part of his life, as a statesman and ruler, was more glorious to him than even his fortitude and his battles;—his rejection of sovereignty more memorable than any other man's successful usurpation. The moral greatness of Washington has never been surpassed. Has it ever had a parallel? But what career among all these of which we have spoken was like Napoleon's? Brilliant they were, impressive, and history can never forget them. Some of them produced effects of the most enduring nature upon the destinies of mankind. But we feel assured, that men will always turn away from them with astonishment—the more startling and profound as they are farther removed in time—to the suddenness and the power, with which a planet of a new order, rising from the bosom of the revolution, blazed up the zenith—traversing the heavens for years, from point to point, with a rapid and burning course, whose direction no one could foretell—brightened and darkened with the most amazing alternations, yet firing everywhere the tempest through which it went—and kindling at last the waste of ocean where it fell with a mighty light, which no solitary place among the seas ever knew before, and from which, for years again, the whole world was unable to withdraw its gaze. For ourselves, we have always felt that the true life of Napoleon remains to be written. His historians have been too much taken up with his genius and achievements in war, and have not enough considered his equally astonishing capacities for all other departments of government. That a young man, scarce thirty years of age, of a mere military education, and spending all his life up to that time in military practice and the active operations of war, should suddenly, and unexpectedly to himself—for he never could have foreseen it—take upon him the burden of an empire, and manage all its vast interests at home and abroad with such consummate ease and ability, as if "to the manner born"—restore its finance, regulate its commerce, reform its laws, create a constitution, project and carry through internal improvements on the grandest scale, and establish the foreign relations of the country on a new and broader basis—that such a man should have done all this, besides conquering on a hundred battle-fields, is the most surprising exhibition, we think, yet to be found in history. For everything alike Napoleon seemed to have the eagle's gaze. There can be no question that no monarch ever surpassed him in political sagacity. His eye was fixed at once upon every part of Christendom and barbaric Asia. There were many keen-sighted diplomatists around him to give him counsel—but he saw farther than any of them—farther in fact than any diplomatist of Europe.—He was rapidly outwitting or coercing them all; and had not England, for that very reason violated her own treaty of Amiens, he would in a few years have consolidated his influence over all that north of Europe which she succeeded in banding against him, and would have made the French Empire the greatest since that of the Cæsars. The history of the life and character of Napoleon is yet to be written. Mr. Headley is in very many respects—we think he might become in nearly all—fitted to be the writer of that history. He has a rapid, clear, and vigorous style, much skill in delineating and dissecting character, a quick philosophy to discern the causes that produced great results, and a power of description on occasions of "pith and moment," in scenes of swift and thrilling action, that we do not remember to have seen surpassed by any writer. He possesses the still greater requisite of thoroughly knowing his subject. He *feels* what Napoleon was, and what the men were he gathered around him. He feels, too, what was the nature of that period in which the great Corsican rose, conquered and reigned. He knows that if no ordinary times could produce such a man, no ordinary man was needed to rule such times; that if the struggles freedom of often end in despotism, it may be the very magnitude of the social evils under which those struggles commenced that made a second despotism necessary. He is aware, in brief, that while all historians should know that no important events are without their adequate causes—usually inevitable if not lying in reason—individual or national prejudice, in the old world especially, has falsified one-half of the history ever written, by refusing to see any connection between them, looking at mighty events in times of revolution entirely by themselves, as some monstrous birth—a kind of moral mushrooms, born, no one knows how, of night and unwholesome dews. One might better be a fatalist than such a historian. Mr. Headley is an American, and writes with what ought to be the true American spirit, sympathizing always with the masses, yet recognizing what so many republican writers zealously overlook, that intellect and attainments must bear the rule. And we cannot forbear remarking here, that American writers have a great mission to perform. It is to read the history of the old nations with other eyes than those which have hitherto read it for us and the world. Our vision, made keen by a new experience, gazing through a new light, informed by new modes of thought and feeling, cannot fail of seeing things in the past ages very differently from the way in which they have usually been seen. We know of no field on which writers of this country could gain so striking a reputation, as by re-writing the annals of Europe, more especially those of Feudal England. Rightly written, they would be a new revelation to the European mind. It is at least necessary that we should not take the word only of English historians respecting the character and conduct of their enemies. Yet this, to our disgrace, is what we have done. Speaking the same language, we naturally see for the most part, and earliest in life, their representations of Continental affairs, so that nearly all our fixed impressions of European history are derived from the most prejudiced sources. It is quite time that a different state of things should exist, and this is one of the chief causes of our gratification at the appearance of the present volume. There was danger, indeed, that the author, in meeting the English, should too exclusively adopt the extremes of French partiality. But we do not think he can be accused of this. All Mr. Headley's writings that we have seen show him to be an impassioned man, but eminently disposed to justice—though it may be said with truth, that an impassioned writer will with difficulty always be entirely just. We can, however, the more safely confide in his account of Napoleon, because, as he himself frankly states he had formed and published a very different opinion of the man; but on making wider and deeper researches, he was compelled to change it in very many important points. What is yet more conclusive, the reader will find in all the most "critical instances," the disputed passages of Napoleon's life, he has fortified his defence only by the admissions of the English themselves. A most remarkable instance relates to the treaty of Amiens. We will quote a few passages upon this point, as it is made one of the principal grounds for assailing Bonaparte for "unbounded ambition," disdainfulness of the peace of mankind. For, as Mr. Headley remarks, "the first great barrier in the way of rendering him justice is the conviction, everywhere entertained, that he alone, or chiefly, is chargeable with those desolating wars that covered the continent with slain armies." The first question is, how did those wars begin? How came Napoleon first to be involved in those tremendous struggles? The original cause of hostility to France—deadly and enduring—was, as Mr. Headley states, the alarming rise of her republic, in the midst of Feudal Europe. "It is impossible for one who has not travelled amid the monarchies of Europe, and witnessed their nervous fear of republican principles, and their fixed determination, at whatever sacrifice of justice, human rights, and human life, to maintain their oppressive forms of government, to appreciate at all the position of France at the time of the revolution. The balance of political power had been their great object of anxiety, and all the watchfulness directed against the encroachments of one state on another; and no one can imagine the utter consternation with which Europe saw a mighty republic suddenly rise in her midst. The balance of power was forgotten in the anxiety for self preservation. The sound of the falling throne of the Bourbons rolled like a sudden earthquake under the iron and century-bound framework of despotism, till everything heaved and rocked on its ancient foundation." This republic the monarchical governments around determined to crush before her strength was consolidated. Austria and Prussia took up arms, avowing their purpose to aid the Bourbon whom France had repudiated. Then Holland, Spain, and *England* came into the alliance—forcing an independent people to arrange their government in a manner against their will. Who, then, is to blame for the terrible train of evils that followed, but the Allied Powers? "Bonaparte was yet a boy," says Mr. Headley, "when this infamous war was stewing the banks of the Rhine with slain armies." Finally, the "poor, proud charity boy of the military school at Brienne," became a lean, pale-faced, slightly-formed young officer of artillery, with a quick, gray eye, and a calm forehead. He was employed, with many others of like grade, in defending France. We have never been able to understand why he was selected for the most important of all the posts at that time—to head the armies of Italy. He had done nothing especial. He was twenty-seven years old, had trained some cannon successfully at Toulon, and put down a revolt of the sections at Paris. Barras, who procured his appointment, must have had some singular presentiment of his greatness. However, he was sent; and the mighty genius of the man was soon apparent. He found the forces in Italy less than forty thousand men, "badly provisioned, worse paid, ragged and murmuring;" yet with this force, such was his energy and skill, and the confidence he inspired, he destroyed four separate armies, each fully as large as his own, achieving one of the most remarkable campaigns on record. Those armies were Austrian, and this

fierce conflict, the foundation of Bonaparte's fame, was against those who had assailed his country. The next year, by direction of his government, he subjugated Lombardy, and forced Austria to sign a treaty of peace. Thus many of the most terrific battles he ever fought—at Lodi, Arcola, Montenotte, Rivoli, Castiglione, which took place at that period—were a part of a defensive war carried on under the orders of his government. Bonaparte returned to Paris, as the preserver of France. Weary of inaction and of the wretched Directory, he proposed the expedition into Egypt. By itself, this enterprise cannot be defended. It was aggressive and unjust; but what had the other powers of Europe to say to it, except that they wanted all the spoils of feeble nations to themselves. Russia, Austria, and Prussia had dismembered and stripped poor Poland, and England was covering the plains of India with her swarthy dead in a series of conquests as iniquitous as any nation has ever perpetrated. Cruel ambition of Napoleon and of France!—Undoubtedly, the violence of one nation does not justify the violence of another; but it were wise as well as modest for England to keep silence. Bonaparte absent, Austria thought it a good time for crippling her old enemy, and recovering a part of her immense losses. Without scruple, she broke her treaty, and recommenced direct hostilities. Napoleon was two thousand miles distant, under the shadow of the Pyramids. "Hearing that the republic was everywhere defeated, and Italy wrested from its grasp, he immediately set sail for France, and escaping the English fleet in a most miraculous manner, protected by "his star," reached France in October. By November he had overthrown the inefficient Directory, and been proclaimed First Consul with all the attributes, but none of the titles, of king. He immediately commenced negotiations with the allied powers, while at the same time he brought his vast energies to bear on the internal state of France. Credit was to be restored, money raised, the army supplied, war in Vendee suppressed, a constitution given to France. By his superhuman exertions and all-pervading genius, he accomplished all this, and by next spring was ready to offer Europe peace or war." It is unquestionable that he desired peace. "He had acquired sufficient glory," says Mr. Headley, "as a military leader, and he now wished to resuscitate France, and become great as a civil ruler." He wrote two letters—one to the king of England, the other to the emperor of Germany—filled with the most frank and manly sentiments. Thus to England:—"Must the war, Sire, which for the last eight years has devastated the four quarters of the world, be eternal? Are there no means of coming to an understanding? How can two of the most enlightened nations of Europe, stronger already and more powerful than their safety or their independence requires, sacrifice to ideas of vain-glory the well-being of commerce, internal prosperity, and the peace of families? How is it they do not feel peace to be the first of necessities as the first of glories?" But the crooked-souled diplomatists of the monarchies around him could not understand the First Consul's frank, straight-forward way of negotiating. Their minds had become so awry among their own oblique labyrinthine paths of policy, they were afraid there was some deep deception under all this candor. "Austria was inclined to listen, and replied courteously"—as well she might. She had been beaten enough to be courteous. Pitt returned insults, and heaped accusations on Bonaparte and the Republic. "The English government must first see some fruits of *repentance and amendment*." And what were the blessed tokens of "repentance" the holiness of England wished to see?—That the Bourbons should be restored! Napoleon, in reply, showed clearly, that the enemies of France commenced aggressions—then asked:—"What would be thought of France, if in her propositions she insisted on the restoration of the dethroned Stuarts, before she would make peace?" Disconcerted, the English Minister acknowledged, that war was to be waged, not to reëstablish the Bourbon throne, but "for the security of all governments." That is, there could be no great republic in the midst of Europe! Bonaparte saw the struggle that lay before him;—and never were the immense energies and amazing genius of the man more signally displayed than in the single half-year succeeding. " \* \* \* Europe chose war. The gigantic mind that had wrought such prodigies in seven months in France, now turned its concentrated strength and wrath on the enemy. Massena had been sent to Genoa to furnish an example of heroism to latest posterity. Moreau, he dispatched to Swabia, to render the Black Forest immortal by his victories of Engen, Moskirch and Biberach, and send the Austrians in consternation to their capital, while he himself, amid the confusion and wonderment of Europe at his complicated movements, precipitated his enthusiastic troops down the Alps, and by one bold and successful stroke wrested Italy from the enemy, and forced the astonished and discomfited sovereigns of Europe to an armistice of six months. Unexhausted by his unparalleled efforts, no sooner was the truce proclaimed than he plunged with the same suddenness, yet profound forethought with which he rushed into battle, into the distracted politics of Europe. By a skillful stroke of policy in offering Malta to Russia, at the moment it was certain to fall into the hands of England, he embroiled these two countries in a quarrel, while by promising Hanover to Russia, he bribed her to reject the coalition with England, and consent to an alliance with himself. At the same time he planned the league of the neutral powers against England—armed Denmark and Sweden, and closed all the ports of the Continent against her, and prepared succors for Egypt. While his deep sagacity was thus baffling the cabinet of England, involving her in a general war with Europe, and pressing to her lips the chalice she had just forced him to drink, he apparently devoted his entire energies to the internal state of France, and the building of public works. He created the Bank of France—built the credit of government on a firm basis—began the Codes, spanned the Alps with roads—sufficient monuments of themselves of his genius—and restored the complete supremacy of the laws throughout the kingdom. All this he accomplished in six months, and at the close of the armistice was ready for war. The glorious campaign of Hohenlinden followed, and Austria, frightened for her throne, negotiated the peace of Luneville, giving the world time to recover its amazement and gaze more steadily on this mighty sphere that had shot so suddenly across the orbits of kings." Europe began to regard the First Consul with some respect, and all parties were weary of so protracted and wasting a war. "The Peace of Amiens was declared and the world was at rest." What now was the ambitious violence of Napoleon that the treaty of Amiens should be ruptured? And *how* was it broken? And what power broke it? "Peace, which Bonaparte needed and wished for, being restored, he applied his vast energies to the development of the resources of France, and to the building of stupendous public works. Commerce was revived—the laws administered with energy—order restored, and the blessings of peace were fast healing up the wounds of war. Men were amazed at the untiring energy, and the amazing plans of Bonaparte. His genius gave a new birth to the nation—developed new elements of strength and imparted an impulse to her growth that threatened to outstrip the greatest of England. His ambition was to obtain colonial possessions, like those of England; and if allowed to direct his vast energies in that direction, there was no doubt France would soon rival the British Empire in its provinces. England was at first fearful of the influence of the French Republic, but now a new cause of alarm seized her. It was evident that France was fast tending towards a monarchy. Bonaparte had been made First Consul for life, with the power to appoint his successor; and it required no seer to predict that his gigantic mind and dictatorial spirit, would not long brook any check from inferior authority. From the very superiority of his intellect, he must merge everything into his majestic plans, and gradually acquire more and more control, till the placing of a crown on his head would be only the symbol of that supreme power which had long before passed into his hands. England, therefore, had no longer to fear the influence of a Republic, and hence fight for the security of government in general. She had, however, another cause of anxiety—the too rapid growth of her ancient rival. She became alarmed at the strides with which France advanced under the guiding of Napoleon, and refused to carry out the terms of the solemn treaty she had herself signed." It had been expressly stipulated that England should give up Egypt and Malta, France evacuate Naples, Tarento and the Roman States. Bonaparte fulfilled his part of the treaty within two months; but ten months had now elapsed, and the English were still in Alexandria and Malta. Still, Napoleon, anxious to preserve peace, made no complaint. At last, it was "suddenly announced that the English government had proclaimed her determination not to fulfill the stipulations she had herself made. The only pretext offered for this violation of a solemn contract, was her suspicions that France had designs on these places!" What could Bonaparte do, unless France should submit to the violation of a solemn treaty—a dishonor which England would be the last to endure? The struggle opened again, and with a fury never before equalled. Massena swept the plains of Italy, and the "sun of Austerlitz" rose over the victorious arms of the French. And for this third sanguinary war, its wide misery and terrific carnage, "who is chargeable?" asks Mr. Headley. "Not Napoleon—not France;"—and he makes good the assertion by appealing to the most bitterly partial of all the English historians. "Mr. Alison, who certainly will not be accused of favoring too much the French view of the matter, nor too eager to load England with crime, is nevertheless compelled to hold the following remarkable language respecting this war: 'In coolly reviewing the circumstances under which the contest was renewed, it is impossible to deny that the British government

\* Napoleon and his Marshals. By J. T. Headley. New York: Baker & Scribner.



manifested a feverish anxiety to come to a rupture, and that, so far as the two countries were concerned, they were the aggressors."

Still more to his purpose, Mr. Headley quotes afterwards, a passage from Napier, which entirely relieves the larger portion of Bonaparte's career from the charge of guilty ambition.

"Up to the peace of Tilsit," says Napier, "the wars of France were essentially defensive; for the bloody contest that wasted the Continent so many years, was not a struggle for preëminence between ambitious powers—not a dispute for some accession of territory, nor for the political ascendancy of one or the other nation, but a deadly conflict to determine whether aristocracy or democracy should predominate—whether equality or privilege should henceforth be the principle of European governments."

"But how much," Mr. Headley asks, "does this 'up to the peace of Tilsit,' embrace?"

"First, All the first wars of the French Republic—the campaigns of 1792, '93, '94, and '95—and the carnage and wo that made up their history. Second, Eleven of the eighteen years of Bonaparte's career—the campaigns of 1796, in Italy and Germany—the battle of Montenotte, Miliesimo, Dego, Lodi, Arcola, Castiglione, and Rivoli—the campaigns of 1797, and the bloody battle-fields that marked their progress. It embraces the wars in Italy and Switzerland, while Bonaparte was in Egypt; the campaign of Marengo and its carnage; the havoc around and in Genoa; the slain thousands that strewed the Black Forest and the banks of the Danube where Moreau struggled so heroically; the campaign of Hohenlinden and its losses. And yet this is but a fraction to what remains. This period takes in also the campaign of Austerlitz and its bloody battle, and the havoc the hand of war was making in Italy—the campaign of Jena, and the fierce conflicts that accompanied it; the campaign of Eylau, and the battles of Pultusk, Golymin, Heilsberg, crowned by the dreadful slaughter of Eylau; the campaigns of Friedland and the Tilsit, and the slain armies they left on the plains of Europe."

We think Mr. Headley's defence of Bonaparte on these points is perfectly conclusive. He afterwards adds, in the spirit of a just and moderate historian, that he has not designed in this defence "to prove that Napoleon always acted justly, or from the most worthy motives; or that the Republic never did wrong; but to reveal the principles which lay at the bottom of that protracted war which commenced with the Revolution, and ended only with the overthrow of Napoleon. It was first a war of despotism and monarchy against republicanism, and then a war of suspicion and jealousy and rivalry."

Not less striking and successful is Mr. Headley's exposition of Napoleon's extraordinary genius and character. The entire sketch—of which we are able to quote but a small part—occupies about sixty pages of the volume. We could wish it had been twice as long—but as it is, it forms by far the best essay we have ever seen upon his character and career. It is condensed and graphic, often eloquent—gives a more distinct idea of the man, and clears up many points which prejudiced writers have hitherto succeeded in misrepresenting or obscuring.

Mr. Headley does not think, that Napoleon's boyish actions at Brienne pre-shadowed, as some imagine, his future career—and that in ordinary times "he would have figured in the world's history only as a powerful writer or a brilliant orator." He says, however, that with more talent than his playmates, he had more pride and passion; and adds, "his abrupt laconic style of speaking corresponded well with his impetuous temper, and evinced at an early age the iron-like nature with which he was endowed." His career began with quelling the revolt of the Sections. Barras selected him for this purpose; the scene is eminently characteristic.

"It was with unfeigned surprise that the Abbe Sieyes, Rewbel, Le-tourneur, Roger Ducos, and General Moulins, saw him introduced to them by Barras, as the commander he had chosen for the troops that were to defend the convention. Said General Moulins to him, "You are aware that it is only by the powerful recommendation of citizen Barras, that we confide to you so important a post?" "I have not asked for it," drily replied the young Lieutenant, "and if I accept it, it will be because, after a close examination, I am confident of success. I am different from other men; I never undertake anything I cannot carry through." This sally caused the members of the Convention to bite their lips, for the implied sarcasm stung each in his turn. "But do you know," said Rewbel, "that this may be a very serious affair—that the sections—" "Very well," fiercely interrupted the young Bonaparte, "I will make a serious affair of it, and the sections shall become tranquil." He had seen Louis XVI. put on the red cap, and show himself from the palace of the Tuilleries to the mob, and unable to restrain his indignation at the sight, exclaimed to his companion Bourienne, "What madness! he should have blown four or five hundred of them into the air, and the rest would have taken to their heels."

A scene of the same character is finely described in the sketch of Marshal Augereau—the third in the volume.

"I have often imagined," says Mr. Headley, "the first interview between the young Bonaparte, and the veteran generals of the army of Italy. There were Rampon, Massena and Augereau, crowned with laurels they had won on many a hard-fought field. Here was a young man sent to them as their commander-in-chief, only twenty-seven years of age. Pale, thin, with a stoop in his shoulders, his personal appearance indicated anything but the warrior. And what else had he to recommend him? He had directed some artillery successfully against Toulon, and quelled a mob in Paris, and that was all. He had no rank in civil matters—indeed, had scarcely been heard of—and now, a mere stripling, without experience, never having conducted an army in his life; he appears before the two scarred generals, Massena and Augereau, both nearly forty years of age, as their commander-in-chief. When called to pay their visit to him, on his arrival, they were utterly amazed at the folly of the Directory. The war promised to be a mere farce. Young Bonaparte, whose quick eye detected the impression he had made on them, soon, by the firmness of his manner, and his vigor of thought, modified their feelings. At the Council of War, called to discuss the proper mode of commencing hostilities, Rampon volunteered a great deal of sage advice—recommended circumspection and prudence—and spoke of the experienced generals that were opposed to them. Bonaparte listened, full of impatience, till he was through; and then replied, in his impetuous manner, 'Permit me, gentlemen, with all due deference to your excellent observations, to suggest some new ideas. The art of war, rest assured, is yet in its infancy. For many ages men have made war in a theatrical and effeminate manner. Now is not the time for enemies mutually to appoint a place of combat, and advancing, with their hats in hand, say, 'Gentlemen, will you have the goodness to fire.' We must cut the enemy in pieces—precipitate ourselves, like a torrent, on their battalions—and grind them to powder; that is, bring back war to its primitive state—fight as Alexander and Cæsar did. Experienced generals conduct the troops opposed to us! So much the better, so much the better! It is not their experience that will avail them against me. Mark my words, they will soon burn their books on tactics, and know what to do.' The system I adopt, is favorable to the profession of arms; every soldier becomes a hero; for when men are launched forward with impetuosity, there is no time for reflection, and they will do wonders. Yes, gentlemen, the first onset of the Italian army will give birth to a new epoch in military affairs. As for us, we must hurl ourselves on the foe like a thunderbolt, and smile like it. Disconcerted by our tactics, and not daring to put them in execution, they will fly before us as the shades of night before the up-rising sun.' The manner and tone, in which this was said, and that eloquence, too, which afterwards so frequently electrified the soldiers, took the old generals by surprise, and Augereau and Massena turned to each other with significant looks, and Rampon, after he had gone out, remarked, 'Here is a man that will yet cut out work for government.'"

The eloquence of Napoleon was remarkable. We do not think any military leader ever equalled him in that respect. Some of the speeches of the ancient commanders, if correctly reported—as a few of them undoubtedly were—are very noble; and many moving addresses have been made to armies in modern times, on occasions of near peril, and on the eve of battle. All military eloquence, moreover, which is at all effective, has necessarily two great elements of oratory—brevity and rapidity. There is no time for long harangues, when the soldiers spoken to can almost look into their foe-men's eyes. But there was in Napoleon's speech, at all times a directness and simplicity, a condensed energy, an abrupt rapidity and startling clearness—in short, a certain pointed, terse, impetuous and imperious decision, both of thought and expression, to which we have never seen a parallel in any speaker, whether of the senate, the bar, or the battle-field. Its force was manifest in the effect produced, which was overwhelming. This was aided by his consummate knowledge of character, of human nature. He never failed to excite, to subdue, to melt, to thrill, the soldiers whom he addressed: and he had equal influence over his officers, his cabinet, or the populace of Paris. The same qualities were exhibited in his conversation, dispatches and diplomatic dealings. As a public speaker treating of various subjects, he might have found it necessary to cultivate other qualities; but had he entered that walk in life, he would unquestionably have become a great orator. The instances of the effect of his eloquence are numerous. Mr. Headley quotes one striking and brief enough to be re-quoted.

"Soon after the battle of Castiglione, and just before the battle of Rivoli, he made an example of the 39th and 85th regiments of Vaubois' Division, for having given way to a panic, and nearly lost him the battle." Arranging these two regiments in a circle, he addressed them in the following lan-

guage: "Soldiers, I am displeased with you—you have shown neither discipline, nor valor, nor firmness. You have allowed yourselves to be chased from positions, where a handful of brave men would have stopped an army. Soldiers of the 39th and 85th, you are no longer French soldiers. Chief of the Staff, let it be written on their standards, 'They are no longer of the Army of Italy.'"

"Nothing could exceed the stunning effect with which these words fell on those brave men. They forgot their discipline and the order of their ranks, and bursting into grief, filled the air with their cries—and rushing from their ranks, crowded, with most beseeching looks and voices around their General, and begged to be saved from such a disgrace, saying, 'Lead us once more into battle, and see if we are not of the Army of Italy.'"

We make room for a few more passages of rapid and skillful characterization.

"One great secret of his success, is to be found in the union of two striking qualities of mind, which are usually opposed to each other. He possessed an imagination as ardent, and a mind as impetuous as the most chivalric warrior; and yet a judgment as correct as the ablest tactician. His mind moved with the rapidity of lightning, and yet with the precision and steadiness of naked reason. He rushed to his final decision as if he overleaped all the intermediate space, and yet he embraced the entire ground, and every detail in his passage. In short, he could decide quick and correctly too. He did not possess these antagonist qualities in a moderate degree, but he was at the same time, the most rapid and the most correct of men in the formation of his plans. It was the union of these that gave Bonaparte such immense power over his adversaries. His plans were more skillfully and deeply laid than theirs, and yet perfected before theirs were begun. He broke up the counsels of other men, by the execution of his own. This power of thinking quick, and of thinking right, is the rarest exhibited in history. It gives the possessor of it all the advantage that thought has over impulse, and all the advantage, too, that impulse frequently has over thought, by the suddenness and unexpectedness of its movements.

"His power of combination was unrivalled. The most extensive plans, involving the most complicated movements, were laid down with the clearness of a map in his mind; whilst the certainty and precision with which they were all brought to bear on one great point, took the ablest generals in Europe by surprise. His mind seemed vast enough for the management of the globe, and not so much encircled every thing, as contained every thing. It was hard to tell whether he exhibited more skill in conducting a campaign, or in managing a single battle. With a power of generalization seldom equalled, his perceptive faculties, that let no detail escape him, were equally rare.

As an illustration of this wonderful extent, certainty and precision of his combinations, we add here a graphic passage from a sketch of Marshal Macdonald. That vivid narration has already appeared in our pages, but the extract may be repeated in this connection. The concentration, within a day and a half of each other, of such vast forces from distant parts of Europe, exhibits, to our mind, the most amazing instance on record of military skill and power in calculating and ordering the movements of armies.

"The battle of Aspern had proved disastrous to the French. The utmost efforts of Napoleon could not wring victory from the hands of the Austrians. Massena had stood under a tree while the boughs were crashing with cannon balls over head, and fought as never even he fought before. The brave Lannes had been mangled by a cannon shot, and died while the victorious guns of the enemy were still playing on his heroic, but flying column; and the fragments of the magnificent army, that had in the morning moved from the banks of the Danube in all the confidence of victory, at nightfall were crowded and packed in the little island of Lobau. Rejecting the counsel of his officers, Bonaparte resolved to make a stand here, and wait for reinforcements to come up. Nowhere does his exhaustless genius show itself more than in this critical period of his life. He revived the drooping spirits of his soldiers, by presents from his own hands, and visited in person the sick in the hospitals; while the most gigantic plans at the same time, strung his vast energies to their utmost tension.

"From the latter part of May to the 1st of July, he had remained cooped up in this little island, but not inactive. He had done everything that could be done on the spot, while orders had been sent to the different armies to hasten to his relief; and never was there such an exhibition of the skill and promptitude with which orders had been issued and carried out. At two o'clock in the afternoon, the different armies from all quarters first began to come in, and before the next night they had all arrived. First with music and streaming banners appeared the columns of Bernadotte, hastening from the banks of the Elbe, carrying joy to the desponding hearts of Napoleon's army. They had hardly reached the field before the stirring notes of the bugle, and the roll of drums in another quarter, announced the approach of Vandamme from the provinces of the Rhine. Wrede came next from the banks of the Lech, with his strong Bavarians, while the morning sun shown on Macdonald's glorious troops, rushing down from Illyria and the Alpine summits, to save Bonaparte and the Empire. As the bold Scotchman reined his steed up beside Napoleon, and pointed back to his advancing columns, he little thought that two days after, the fate of Europe was to turn on his single will. Scarcely were his troops arrived at their appointed place, before the brave Marmont appeared with glittering bayonets and waving plumes, from the borders of Dalmatia. Like an exhaustless stream, the magnificent armies kept pouring into that little isle; while to crown the whole, Eugene came up with his veterans from the plains of Hungary. In two days they had all assembled, and on the evening of the 4th of July, Napoleon glanced with exultant eye over a hundred and eighty thousand warriors, crowded and packed into the small space of two miles and a half in breadth, and a mile and a half in length."

On the whole we cannot but agree with Mr. Headley, that, as a military leader, Napoleon has at least "no superior in modern or ancient times." It is preposterous to compare Wellington with him, and no one but a conceited Englishman would do it. As Mr. Headley very justly remarks, and as no one can deny, Soult through the whole Peninsula war showed himself a match for the British General—"beat him oftener and longer," than he was beaten by him. "Pitted against each other for years, they were so nearly balanced, that there seems little to choose between them." Yet who would think of "drawing a parallel between Soult and Napoleon?" Does it make Wellington Bonaparte's equal, that he did not lose the battle of Waterloo? He did not win that battle; he was simply "commander-in-chief when it was won." He was fairly caught; if Blücher had not come up unexpectedly, or if Grouchy had followed Blücher, where would Wellington have been? Napoleon would have annihilated him and the whole alliance. To judge of Bonaparte, as a leader of armies, we must look at him through the scenes of his life.

"He marched his victorious troops successively into almost every capital of Europe. Meeting and overwhelming in turn the armies of Prussia, Austria, Russia, and England, he, for a long time, waged a successful war against them all combined; and exhausted at last by his very victories, rather than by their conquest, he fell before superior numbers, which in a protracted contest, must always prevail. His first campaigns in Italy, and the campaign of Austerlitz, are, perhaps, the most glorious he ever conducted. The first astonished the world, and fixed his fortune. In less than a year, he overthrew four of the finest armies in Europe. With fifty-five thousand men, he had beaten more than two hundred thousand Austrians—taken prisoners nearly double the amount of his whole army, and killed half as many as the entire force he had at any one time in the field.

"The tactics he had adopted in this campaign, and which he never after departed from, correspond singularly with the character of his mind. Instead of following up what was considered the scientific mode of conducting a campaign and a battle, he fell back on his own genius, and made a system of his own, adapted to the circumstance in which he was placed. Instead of opposing wing to wing, centre to centre, and column to column, he rapidly concentrated his entire strength on separate portions in quick succession. Hurling his combined force now on one wing, and now another and now throwing it with the weight and terror of an avalanche on the centre, he crushed each in its turn; or cutting the army in two, destroyed its communication and broke it to pieces."

And then what astonishing activity of mind and body. We cannot find that all the biographies of greatness furnish a parallel.

"No victory allured him into a moment's repose—no luxuries tempted him to ease—and no success bounded his impetuous desires. Laboring with an intensity and rapidity that accomplished the work of days in hours, he nevertheless seemed crowded to the very limit of human capacity by the vast plans and endless projects that asked and received his attention. In the cabinet he astonished every one by his striking thoughts and indefatigable industry. The forms and ceremonies of court could not keep his mind, hardly for an hour, from the labour which he seemed to covet. He allowed himself usually but four or five hours rest, and during his campaigns, exhibited the same almost miraculous activity of mind. He would dictate to one set of secretaries all day, and after he had tired them out, call for a second, and keep them on the stretch all night, snatching but a brief repose during the whole time. His common practice was to rise at two in the morning, and dictate to his secretaries for two hours, then devote two hours more to thought alone, when he would take a warm bath and dress for the day. But in a pressure of business this division of labour and rest was scattered to the winds, and he would work all night. With his night gown wrapped around him, and a silk handkerchief tied about his head, he would walk backwards and forwards in his apartment from dark

till daylight, dictating to—Caulincourt, or Dürée, or D'Albe, his chief secretary, in his impetuous manner, which required the highest exertion to keep pace with; while Rustan, his faithful Mameluke, whom he brought from Egypt, was up also, bringing from time to time, a strong cup of coffee to refresh him. Sometimes at midnight, when all was still, this restless spirit would call out, "Call D'Albe: let every one arise!" and then commenced working, allowing himself no intermission or repose till sunrise. He has been known to dictate to three secretaries at the same time, so rapid were the movements of his mind, and yet so perfectly under his control. He never deferred business for an hour, but did, on the spot what then claimed his attention. Nothing but the most iron like constitution could have withstood these tremendous strains upon it. And, as if Nature had determined that nothing should be wanting to the full development of this wonderful man, as well as no resources withheld from his gigantic plans, she had endowed him with a power of endurance seldom equalled. It was not till the most intense and protracted mental and physical effort combined, that he gave intimations of being sensible to fatigue. In his first campaign in Italy, though slender and apparently weak, he rode five horses to death in a few days, and for six days and nights, never took off his boots, or retired to his couch. \* \* \* He spurred his panting steed through the scorching sun beams of Africa, and forced his way on foot, with a birchen stick in his hand, over the icy path, as he fled from Moscow with the same firm presence. He would sleep in the palace of the Tuilleries, or on the shore of the Danube with nought but his cloak about him, while the groans of the dying loaded the midnight air—with equal soundness. He was often on horseback eighteen hours a day, and yet wrought up to the intensest mental excitement all the while. Marching till midnight, he would array his troops by moonlight; and fighting all day, he hailed victor at night; and then, without rest, travel all the following night and day, and the next morning fight another battle, and be a second time victorious. He often spoke of as a mere child of fortune; but whoever in this world will possess such powers of mind, and use them with such skill and industry, and has a frame that will stand it, will always be a child of fortune."

One of the most preposterous assertions made about Napoleon, has been that he had no personal courage. His whole course of life seems to us to crush the charge into nothing. Mr. Headley notes it, and remarks briefly that "the daring he exhibited in the revolt of the Sections, when, with five thousand soldiers, he boldly withstood forty thousand of the National Guard and mob of Paris, he carried with him to his fall. At the terrible passage of Lodi, where, though general in chief, he was the second man across the bridge;—at Arcola, where he stood, with the standard in his hand, in the midst of a perfect tempest of balls and grape shot; and at Wagram, where he rode on his white steed, backward and forward, for a whole hour, before his shivering lines, to keep them steady in the dreadful fire that thinned their ranks, and swept the ground they stood upon;—he evinced the heroic courage that he possessed, and which was a part of his very nature."

Napoleon's courage was as unquestionable as his ambition. But eminent above these and every other trait of his character, was his sublime self-confidence.—Milton's Lucifer never exhibited that quality to a more exalted degree. There was no emergency in his life in which he did not fall back upon himself alone, without a sign of wavering. From his boyish decision at the siege of Toulon to the time when Europe stood up against him on the field of Waterloo, it was the same. He was sent to wrest Italy from an army four times the number of his own;—he called no councils of war—he resolved and executed. The conflagration of Moscow and a Russian winter overwhelmed and drove back the immense host with which he invaded the North: he relied upon himself. The sudden weight of an empire fell upon his shoulders;—he bore it as something for which he was born. The crowned heads of Europe, banding themselves together against him, met in his quick gray eye the same calm self reliance. Monarchs against the plebeian! His eagle glance pierced to the core of their rotten power, and his audacious thoughts were all the while partitioning their kingdoms. The plebeian against monarchs!

"He wheeled his cannon around their thronns," says Mr. Headley in one of those vivid and comprehensive passages, frequent in his writing, "with a coolness and inflexibility of purpose that made 'the dignity which doth hedge a king,' a most pitiful thing to behold. \* \* \* While astonished at the boldness of his irruption into Egypt, they were listening to hear again the thunder of his guns around the Pyramids, they suddenly saw his mighty army hanging along the crest of the Alps; and before the astonishing vision had fairly disappeared, the sound of his cannon was heard shaking the shores of the Danube, and his victorious eagles were waving their wings over the capital of the Austrian Empire. One moment his terrible standards would be seen along the shores of the Rhine; the next, by the banks of the Borysthenes, and then again fluttering amid the flames of Moscow. \* \* \* Victory deserted the standards of the enemy the moment that the presence of Napoleon among his legions was announced in their camp, and when it was whispered in the ranks that his eye was sweeping the battle field, the arm of the foeman waxed weak; and he conquered as much by his name as by his armies. This boldness of movement, giving him such immense moral power, arose from his confidence in himself."

But Bonaparte's moral qualities bore no comparison with those of his intellect. His genius was unfortunately greater than his virtue. He was ambitious—as all conquerors have been—and ambition made him selfish, as it does nearly all who yield to its tyranny. His nature was despotic; and his swift decision and stern self reliance made him always impetuous, often unjust; nor was anything whatever allowed to stand in the way of the accomplishment of his plans. "What he thought necessary to be done, he did, reckless of the suffering it occasioned." He committed several acts in his career altogether cruel and unjust, especially the invasion of Spain and the execution of the Duke of Enghien. In brief, we may conclude with Mr. Headley—had Europe left him to pursue the career he had commenced in Egypt—that he might have been "as unprincipled in his aggressions on peaceable states—as heartless in the means he employed—as reckless of the law of nations—as perfidious in his policy—as cruel in his slaughters—and as grasping after territory, as the British Empire has since shown herself to be, his life, character, and plans leave but little room to doubt."

"The sum of the matter is, Napoleon's moral character was indifferent enough; yet as a friend of human liberty, and eager to promote the advancement of the race, by opening the field to talent and genius, however low their birth, he was infinitely superior to all the sovereigns who endeavored to crush him. He not only loved France as a nation, and sought her glory, but he secured the liberty of the meanest of her subjects. There was something noble in his very ambition, for it sought to establish great public works, found useful institutions, and send the principles of liberty over the world. As a just and noble monarch, he was superior to nine-tenths of all the kings that ever reigned in Europe, and as an intellectual man, head and shoulders above them all."

This, we think, is the just interpretation of Napoleon's nature. Let him be placed in comparison, not with Cincinnatus or Washington, but with the kings and governments around him.

Eminently worthy of his genius, if not of France, was the whole of his latter career. The disastrous invasion of Russia, the mortality that swept off the forces on the Rhine, the fatal battle of Leipsic, and other engagements where victory was gained by terrific losses, had exhausted the resources of France.

"In this depressed state, the civilized world was preparing its last united onset upon her. From the Baltic to the Bosphorus—from Archangel to the Mediterranean, Europe had banded itself against Napoleon. Denmark and Sweden struck hands with Austria, and Russia, and Prussia, and England; while to crown all, the Princes of the confederation of the Rhine, put their signature to the league, and one million and twenty-eight thousand men stood up in battle array on the plains of Europe, to overthrow this mighty spirit that had shook so terribly their thrones.

"France could not, with her utmost efforts, raise more than a third of the number of this immense host.

"In this dreadful emergency, though none saw better than he the awful abyss that was opening before him, Napoleon evinced no discouragement and no hesitation. Assembling the conscripts from every quarter of France, and hurrying them on to head-quarters, he at length, after presenting his fair-haired boy to the National Guards as their future sovereign, amid tears and exclamations of enthusiasm, and embracing his wife for the last time, set out for the army. His energy, his wisdom and incessant activity, soon changed the face of affairs. He had struggled against as great odds in his first Italian campaign; and if nothing else could be done, he at least could fall with honor on the soil of his country. Never did his genius shine forth with greater splendor than in the almost superhuman exertions he put forth in this his last great struggle for his empire. No danger could daunt him—no reverses subdue him—no toil exhaust him—and no difficulties shake his iron will. In the dead of winter, struggling with new and untried troops, he fought an army outnumbering his own two to one—beat them back at every point, and sent dismay into the hearts of the allied sovereigns, as they again saw the shadow of his mighty spirit over their thrones."

But the conflict was too unequal. There were still some astonishing victories, and the whole allied army was forced to retreat. Reverses followed—the allied forces stole away towards the capital—and the miserable Marmont yielded per Paris. The scene that occurred (described in the sketch of Marshal Berthier) when the news was carried to him, in the depth of night,



and chafing along on foot towards his capital—unable to wait for his carriage—is one of the most affecting in history. And then, the terrible soliloquy. "Paris" (says Mr. Headley) "was illuminated by the innumerable watch-fires that covered the heights, and around it the allied troops were shouting in unbounded exultation over the glorious victory that compensated them for all their former losses; while but fifteen miles distant on foot walked its king and emperor through the deep midnight—his mighty spirit wrung with such agony that the sweat stood in large drops on his forehead, and his lips worked in the most painful excitement. Neither Berthier nor Caulincourt dared to interrupt the rapid soliloquy of the fallen emperor, as he muttered in fierce accents, 'I burned the pavement—my horses were swift as the wind, but still I felt oppressed with an intolerable weight; something extraordinary was passing within me. I asked them to hold out only twenty-four hours. Miserable wretches that they are! Marmont, too, who had sworn that he would be hewn in pieces, rather than surrender! And Joseph ran off too—my very brother! To surrender the capital to the enemy—what poltroons! They had my orders; they knew that on the 2d of April I would be here at the head of seventy thousand men! My scholars, my National Guards, who had promised to defend my son; all men with a heart in their bosoms would have joined to combat at my side! And so they have capitulated, betrayed their brother, their country, their sovereign: degraded France in the sight of Europe! Entered into a capital of eight hundred thousand souls, without firing a shot! It is too dreadful! That comes of trusting cowards and fools. When I am not there, they do nothing but heap blunder on blunder. What has been done with the artillery? They should have had two hundred pieces, and ammunition for a month. Every one has lost his head; and yet Joseph imagines that he can lead an army, and Clarke is vain enough to think himself a minister; but I begin to think Savary is right, and that he is a traitor!" then suddenly rousing himself, as if from a troubled dream, and as if unable to believe so great a disaster, he turned fiercely on Caulincourt and Berthier, and exclaimed, 'Set off, Caulincourt; fly to the allied lines;—penetrate to head-quarters; you have full powers; FLY! FLY!'"

Vain haste! vain anguish! Paris had fallen, and Napoleon was obliged to abdicate. Then began the desertion of him by nearly all his followers—even by his wife and family. The broken-hearted Emperor, who had cultivated action more than philosophy, attempted the destruction of his life. There, too, Fate was against him. The poison was powerless upon him, and he was hurried into exile.

But Elba could not hold the restless mind of Napoleon. The next year he stepped again upon the soil of France with a handful of followers.—And what a noble confidence of living in the hearts of the nation and a proof that he did live in their hearts, was that landing from exile! What a refutation of the assertion, that the curses of the *people* had followed his downfall!

"It was not the soldiers, but the common people that first surrounded him. As he pitched his tent without Cannes, the inhabitants flocked to him with their complaints, and gathered around him as the redresser of their wrongs. As he advanced towards Grenoble, the fields were alive with peasants, as they came leaping like deer from every hill crying, '*Vive l'Empereur*.'" Thronging around him, they followed him with shouts to the very gates of the town. The commandant refused him admittance, yet the soldiers within stretched their arms through the wickets, and shook hands with his followers without. At length a confused murmur arose over the walls, and Napoleon did not know but it was the gathering for a fierce assault on his little band. The tumult grew wilder every moment. Six thousand inhabitants from one of the faubourgs had risen *en masse*, and with timbers and beams came pouring against the gates.—They tremble before the resistless shocks—reel and fall with a crash to the ground, and the excited multitude stream forth. Rushing on Napoleon, they drag him from his horse, kiss his hands and garments, and bear him with deafening shouts, on their shoulders, into the town. He next advances on Lyons, the gates of which are also closed against him, and bayonets gleam along the walls. Trusting to the power of affection, rather than to arms, he gallops boldly up to the city. The soldiers within, instead of firing on him, breaking over all discipline, burst open the gates, and rush in frantic joy around him, shouting '*Vive l'Empereur*.' He is not compelled to plant his cannon against a single town: power returns to him, not through terror, but love. He is not received with the cringing of slaves, but with the open arms of friends, and thus his course towards the Capital becomes one triumphal march. The power of the Bourbons disappears before the returning tide of affection, like towers of sand before the waves; and without firing a gun, Napoleon again sits on his recovered throne, amid the acclamation of the people. Who ever saw a tyrant and an oppressor received thus? Where is the monarch in Europe, that dare fling himself in such faith on the affections of his subjects? Where was ever the Bourbon that could show such a title to the throne he occupied? Ah! *the people* do not thus receive the man who forges fetters for their limbs; and Napoleon at this day, holds a firmer place in the affections of the inhabitants of France than any monarch that ever filled its throne."

For one hundred days the genius of Napoleon was displayed as it had been for eighteen years, and on the plains of Waterloo he made a final stand. As to that great battle, it seems to us impossible to form other than one decision. Napoleon's plans were never more skilfully laid.—Fouché, on whose secret information the British commander was to rely, had craftily failed to give any. Wellington was fairly caught; with the same cooperation on both sides, he was lost beyond redemption. There is but one consideration in the case:—Blucher by a forced march stole unexpectedly into the field with forty thousand men, and his coming decided the victory. Had he kept away as Grouchy did—who was left to watch him—or had Grouchy followed him, as he should have done, the result must have been entirely different. But the great Corsican's star was to sink, and it sank. Defeat became an utter rout, and the conqueror of half Europe was left throneless. He trusted himself to the generosity of England. He should have studied history better. England knows how to be generous; but she has shown many times, that a possible charge of perfidy is not to weigh against her interest or her fears.

Napoleon was not a philosopher, and his natural impatience bore with little equanimity the petty annoyances which his keepers at St. Helena contrived to gather around him. But his conversation and notes, at all times, still evinced the greatness of his genius, and, in many respects, the nobleness of his nature.

"But at length"—says Mr. Headley, in one of the finest passages of the whole volume—"that wonderful mind was to be quenched in the night of the grave; and Nature, as if determined to assert the greatness of her work to the last, trumpeted him out of the world with one of her fiercest storms. Amid the roar of the blast, and the shock of the billows, as they broke where a wave had not struck for twenty years—amid the darkness and gloom, and uproar of one of the most tempestuous nights that ever rocked that lonely isle, Napoleon's spirit was passing to that unseen world, where the sound of battle never comes, and the tread of armies is never heard. Yet even in this solemn hour, his delirious soul, caught perhaps by the battle-like roar of the storm without, was once more in the midst of the fight, struggling by the Pyramids, or Danube, or on the plains of Italy. It was the thunder of the cannon that smote his ear; and amid the wavering fight, and covering smoke, and tumult of the scene, his glazing eye caught the heads of his mighty columns, as torn yet steady, they bore his victorious eagles on, and "*Tete d'Armee*" broke from his dying lips. Awe-struck and still, his few remaining friends stood in tears about his couch: gazing steadfastly on that awful kingly brow, but it gave no farther token, and the haughty lips moved no more. Napoleon lay silent and motionless in his last sleep."

Such was the death of Napoleon—and the thought of it will move the reader of history to the most distant times. But this was not the last of the extraordinary scenes that make up the records of this man. Many years afterwards was enacted another still more strange and stirring, and such as has occurred to no one else of those whom the world have agreed in calling great. France had never forgotten him who had added more to her glory than any one of all her feudal monarchs. She had often turned her eyes to that distant rock in the ocean, wondering if he slept quietly in his solitary grave in which his enemies had laid him. Many years passed, power had gone back to its old channels; suddenly a murmur began to rise that Napoleon should return to France! Exiled, dead, solitary, at rest!—Yet let him return, for the dead are an inheritance!—For our own part we have always felt, that it was fitter and more sublime for him to remain in that lonely burial-place, with the ocean rolling around him. But France yearned to have him rest in her bosom; she has always been proud of her great men—and where was her greatest? The murmur rose till it filled the nation, and Napoleon came back from St. Helena.

The scene of his second reception from exile is affectingly described in the sketch of Marshal Moncey. This Marshal, in the extremity of age had been made governor of the Hotel des Invalids. The picture of the daily appearance of those war-worn veterans forms an impressive prelude.

"Nearly two hundred officers and more than three thousand men, the wreck of the grand army, were assembled here, and the oldest Marshal of the Empire placed at their head. How striking the contrast which Moncey and those few thousand men in their faded regimentals, presented to the magnificent army which Napoleon led so often to victory. From the Pyramids, from Lodi, Arcola, Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena, Wagram, and Borodino—where the eye rests on mighty armies, moving to battle and to victory amid the unrolling of standards and pealing of trumpets—the glance re-

turns to the bowed form and gray hairs, and trembling voice of Moncey, as he moves on the shoulders of his attendants, through the ranks of these few aged soldiers, who have come maimed from almost every battle-field of Europe, to die in the bosom of France."

"Time had taken what the sword left. Napoleon, the spell-word which had startled Europe, was now spoken in mournful accents, and the fields in which they had seen him triumph, were but as dim remembrances. On a far distant isle that mighty spirit had sunk to rest, and the star that had illumined a hemisphere, had left the heavens forever. What ravages time makes! Who would have thought, as he gazed on the aged Moncey borne carefully along, his feeble voice saluting his old companions in arms, that the fire had ever flashed from that eye, and amid the uproar of cannon and shock of cavalry he had carried death through the ranks of the enemy; and that those bowed and limping soldiers had shouted on the fierce-fought fields of Austerlitz, Borodino and Wagram, or sent up their war-cry from the foot of the Pyramids?"

Moncey, though ninety years of age, was appointed to receive the remains of Napoleon in the name of these disabled veterans. "All France was agitated as the time drew near when the vessel was expected that bore back the dead Emperor to her shores?" When it swept down on the coast, "the excitement could scarcely have been greater, had he been landing with sword in hand."

"On the day of solemn procession in Paris, the whole city was abroad, and Napoleon in the height of his power never received more distinguished honor, than when dead he was borne through the capital of his former empire. As the procession passed through the streets, the beat of the muffled drum, and the prolonged and mournful blast of the trumpet as it rose and fell through the mighty requiem and all the signs of a nation's woe, filled every heart with the profound grief."

"There, beside the coffin, walked the remnants of the Old Guard, once the pride and strength of the Emperor, and the terror of Europe; and there, too, was his old war-horse, covered with the drapery of mourning, on whose back he had galloped through the battle; and over all drooped the banner of France, heavy with crape—all mourning in silence for the mighty dead."

"The church that was to receive the body was crowded in every part of it, waiting its arrival, when the multitude was seen to part in front, and an old man bowed with years, his white locks falling over a whiter visage, and seemingly ready himself to be laid in the tomb, was borne through the throng in a large arm-chair, and placed at the left of the main altar, beside the throne. Covered with decorations and honors, that contrasted strangely with his withered form and almost lifeless features, he sat and listened to the mighty dirge that came sweeping through the church, as if memory was trying in vain to recall the past. *That was Marshal Moncey*, now nearly ninety years of age, brought hither to welcome his old commander back to his few remaining soldiers. As the funeral train slowly entered the court, the thunder of cannon shook the solid edifice, blending in their roar with the strains of martial music. They, too, seemed conscious beings, striving with their olden voices to awaken the chieftain for whom they had swept so many battle-fields. But drum and trumpet tone, and the sound of cannon, fell alike on the dull ear of the mighty sleeper. His battles were all over, and his fierce spirit gone to a land where the loud trumpet of war is never heard."

"As the coffin approached, the old invalid soldiers drew up on each side of the way, in their old uniform, to receive it. The spectacle moved the stoutest heart. The last time these brave men had seen their emperor, was on the field of battle, and now, after long years, his coffin approached their midst. The roar of cannon, and the strains of martial music brought back the days of glory, and as their eyes met the pall that covered the form of their beloved chief, they fell on their knees in tears and sobs, and reached forth their hands in passionate sorrow. Overwhelmed with grief, and with the emotions that memory had so suddenly awakened, this was the only welcome they could give him. On swept the train till it entered the church; and as the coffin passed through the door, heralded by the Prince de Joinville with his drawn sword in his hand, the immense throng involuntarily rose, and a murmur more expressive than words filled the house. The king descended from his throne to meet it, and the aged Moncey, who had hitherto sat immovable and dumb, the mere "phantom of a soldier," suddenly struggled to rise. The soul awakened from its torpor, and the dying veteran knew that Napoleon was before him. But his strength failed him—with a feeble effort he sunk back in his chair while a flash of emotion shot over his wan and wasted visage like a sunbeam, and his eye kindled a moment in recollection."

As to the battle of Waterloo, of which so much has been said, we do not know that we wish it had gone differently. We hold it to be usually the wisest philosophy to take the events of history as they occur, deepening always our faith in the progress of human destiny. To set up our fancy, or our best judgment even, against the forethought of Providence, is doubtless as weak as it is irreligious. Yet we have always felt a sympathy for a single genius struggling heroically against the combined monarchies of Europe. Napoleon had broken up seven coalitions of kings; we felt unwilling that he should fall by an eighth. Nor are we able, of ourselves, to see what the nations of Europe or the cause of humanity have gained by his downfall. Robert Hall, when he heard the result of the field of Waterloo, exclaimed, "I feel as if the clock of the world had gone back six degrees." That great divine felt that Napoleon's career had advanced the cause of the people, and he saw what has since occurred—that everything would go back to legitimate despotism. Is it not so? Where is Austria? Where Russia? Where the States of the Rhine? Where France herself? Where weak distracted Spain? Where oppressed and wretched Italy? Where divided Poland? Does any one imagine that those countries could have been in any worse condition, had Bonaparte conquered at Waterloo? He would not have made them republics, and they were not fit for it. He would probably have established and maintained a new order of dynasties over them; but these would have been altogether more enlightened, more liberal, more favorable every way to the cause of human progress, than those under which they now lie, in the ancient sleep of Egypt, or the hidden agitations of Vesuvius. France was first awakened by the Revolution; but if the other nations of Europe are any freer in thought or condition than formerly, it is because, and only because, of Napoleon's conquests. As to empire, the Corsican's great desire, as Mr. Headley remarks, was to obtain for France large dominion in the East, which has since been left open entirely to English aggression, except when the iron arm of Russia is thrust in. We do not know why the unbounded ambition of one nation is any better or more legitimate than another.

The sketches of the Marshals are no less striking in their way, than the chapter on Napoleon. They have less attempt at arguing historical points—which was not demanded. Nor is there an especial aim at characterization, though they have some finely discriminating passages of that nature. Mr. Headley's chief object seems to have been to present to us the men whom Napoleon gathered around him, in that fiery and headlong action to which they were trained by their impetuous commander. Working to this end, he has also an opportunity to describe stirring and impressive scenes—battles, charges, retreats, and all the "currents of a heady fight"—in which lies his forte as a writer. That these sketches are remarkable in this respect, will be acknowledged by all who read them.

The qualities of Mr. Headley's descriptive style are well known to the readers of this Review. It has the great merit, first, of being a style by itself, as it cannot be mistaken for that of any other writer. It is rapid, direct, and vigorous—seldom forced, even when pitched on too high a key—exhibits great command of language, and has the appearance of being always equal in its resources to the scene described. His imagination, the predominant faculty of his mind, is always at his command. He sees everything before him, and he has the power of language enough to make his readers see it with almost equal vividness. This was shown in his sketches of the "Alps and the Rhine"—some brief passages of which gave that stupendous mountain scenery, with more graphic power to our minds, than any travellers' note-book has yet been able to present it with—it is now displayed with equal force among those terrific battles which Napoleon fought in almost every part of Europe. He has here no rival but Alison. Their modes are different. Mr. Headley singles out certain leading and decisive movements, and neglects details—a style best fitted for such sketches. Mr. Alison gives the whole plan and stirring evolutions of the conflict, from the beginning to the close—a manner best suited to history.

One great disadvantage necessarily attended the grouping together of these sketches. There are, of necessity, so many descriptions of similar scenes, especially battles, that the book has the appearance of frequent repetition—as between the different sketches, this could not well have been avoided; nor is it of so much consequence. But when we come to the use of the same striking word or phrase three or four times on a single page, it becomes a decided fault. \* \* \* \* \* The book, indeed, like some other writings of Mr. Headley, bears the marks of having gone through the press too hastily—a fault quite evident in most American publications. These, however, are small matters, compared with the merits of the work. Mr. Headley could, doubtless, have made a better book, but we know of no other writer among us who could produce one, of its kind, at all equal to it.

There are, in this volume, nine sketches of Marshals, two of which, Macdonald and Lannes, appeared in our pages, [and in the "Spirit of the Times"]. The rest, embracing Berthier, Augereau, Davoust, St. Cyr, Moncey, Mortier and Soult, are entirely new. They contain many splendid descriptions of battles, especially of the battles of Arcola, Auerstadt, Dresden, Dirnstein and Austerlitz, the charge at Eylau, cavalry action at

Eckmuhl, and the storming of Oporto, with other scenes new to our readers. Some of these we designed to extract, but shall be obliged to defer them to the appearance of the second volume. We close, however, with one—the "Burning of Moscow." We have nowhere seen a finer description of its kind. "Crol's picture, in 'Salathiel,' of the conflagration of Rome under Nero is very splendid; but it does not wear the evident reality of this, nor has it half the condensed narrative power."

"At length Moscow, with its domes and towers, and palaces, appeared in sight; and Napoleon, who had joined the advanced guard, gazed long and thoughtfully on that goal of his wishes. Murat went forward and entered the gates with his splendid cavalry; but as he passed through the streets, he was struck by the solitude that surrounded him. Nothing was heard but the heavy tramp of his squadrons as he passed along, for a deserted and abandoned city was the meagre prize for which such unparalleled efforts had been made. As night drew its curtain over the splendid capitol, Napoleon entered the gates and immediately appointed Mortier governor. In his directions he commanded him to abstain from all pillage. "For this," said he, "you shall be answerable with your life. Defend Moscow against all, whether friend or foe."

"The bright moon rose over the mighty city, tipping with silver the domes of more than two hundred churches, and pouring a flood of light over a thousand palaces, and the dwellings of three hundred thousand inhabitants. The weary army sunk to rest; but there was no sleep for Mortier's eyes. Not the gorgeous and variegated palaces and their rich ornaments—nor the parks and gardens, and Oriental magnificence that every where surrounded him, kept him wakeful, but the ominous foreboding that some dire calamity was hanging over the silent capital. When he entered it, scarcely a living soul met his gaze as he looked down the long streets, and when he broke open the buildings, he found parlors and bedrooms and chambers all furnished and in order, but no occupants. This sudden abandonment of their homes betokened some secret purpose yet to be fulfilled. The midnight moon was sailing over the city, when the cry of "fire!" reached the ears of Mortier; and the first light over Napoleon's falling empire was kindled, and that most wondrous scene of modern time commenced."

#### THE BURNING OF MOSCOW.

"Mortier, as governor of the city, immediately issued his orders and was putting forth every exertion, when at daylight Napoleon hastened to him. Affecting to disbelieve the reports that the inhabitants were firing their own city, he put more rigid commands on Mortier, to keep the soldiers from the work of destruction. The Marshal simply pointed to some iron-covered houses that had not yet been opened, from every crevice of which smoke was issuing like steam from the sides of a pent-up volcano. Sad and thoughtful, Napoleon turned towards the Kremlin, the ancient palace of the Czars, whose huge structure rose high above the surrounding edifices."

"In the morning, Mortier by great exertions, was enabled to subdue the fire. But the next night, Sept. 13th, at midnight, the sentinels on watch upon the lofty Kremlin, saw below them the flames bursting through the houses and palaces, and the cry of "fire! fire!" passed through the city. The dread scene had now fairly opened. Fiery balloons were seen dropping from the air and lighting upon the houses—dull explosions were heard on every side from the shut up dwellings, and the next moment a bright light burst forth, and the flames were raging through the apartments. All was uproar and confusion. The serene air and moonlight of the night before had given way to driving clouds, and a wild tempest that swept with the roar of the sea over the city. Flames arose on every side, blazing and crackling in the storm, while clouds of smoke and sparks in an incessant shower went driving towards the Kremlin. The clouds themselves seemed turned into fire, rolling in wrath over devoted Moscow. Mortier, crushed with the responsibility thus thrown upon his shoulders, moved with his Young Guard amid this desolation, blowing up the houses and facing the tempest and the flames—struggling nobly to arrest the conflagration."

"He hastened from place to place amid the blazing ruins, his face blackened with the smoke, and his hair and eye-brows singed with the fierce heat. At length the day dawned, a day of tempest and of flame; and Mortier, who had strained every nerve for thirty-six hours, entered a palace and dropped down from fatigue. The manly form and stalwart arm that had so often carried death into the ranks of the enemy, at length gave way, and the gloomy Marshal lay and panted in utter exhaustion. But the night of tempests had been succeeded by a day of tempests; and when night again enveloped the city, it was one broad flame, wavering to and fro in the blast. The wind had increased to a perfect hurricane, and shifted from quarter to quarter as if on purpose to swell the sea of fire and extinguish the last hope. The fire was approaching the Kremlin, and already the roar of the flames and the crash of falling houses, and the crackling of burning timbers were borne to the ears of the startled Emperor. He arose and walked to and fro, stopping convulsively and gazing on the terrific scene. Murat, Eugene, and Berthier rushed into his presence, and on their knees besought him to flee; but he still clung to that haughty palace, as if it were his empire."

"But at length the shout, 'the Kremlin is on fire!' was heard above the roar of the conflagration, and Napoleon reluctantly consented to leave. He descended into the streets with his staff, and looked about for a way of egress, but the flames blocked every passage. At length they discovered a postern gate, leading to the Moskwa, and entered it, but they had only entered still farther into the danger. As Napoleon cast his eye around the open space, girdled and arched with fire, smoke and cinders, he saw one single street yet open, but all on fire. Into this he rushed, and amid the crash of falling houses, and raging of the flames—over burning ruins, through clouds of rolling smoke, and between walls of fire he pressed on; and at length, half suffocated, emerged in safety from the blazing city, and took up his quarters in the imperial palace of Petrowsky, nearly three miles distant. Mortier, relieved from his anxiety for the Emperor, redoubled his efforts to arrest the conflagration. His men cheerfully rushed into every danger. Breathing nothing but smoke and ashes—canopied by flame, and smoke and cinders—surrounded by walls of fire that rocked to and fro and fell with a crash amid the blazing ruins, carrying down with them red-hot roofs of iron; he struggled against an enemy that no boldness could awe, or courage overcome. Those brave troops had heard the tramp of thousands of cavalry sweeping to battle without fear; but now they stood in still terror before the march of the conflagration, under whose burning footsteps was heard the incessant crash of falling houses, and palaces and churches. The continuous roar of the raging hurricane, mingled with that of the flames, was more terrible than the thunder of artillery; and before this new foe, in the midst of this battle of the elements, the awe-struck army stood powerless and affrighted."

"When night again descended on the city, it presented a spectacle like of which was never seen before, and which baffles all description. The streets were streets of fire—the heavens a canopy of fire, and the entire body of the city a mass of fire, fed by a hurricane that whirled the blazing fragments in a constant stream through the air. Incessant explosions from the blowing up of stores of oil, and tar, and spirits, shook the very foundations of the city, and sent vast volumes of smoke rolling furiously towards the sky. Huge sheets of canvass on fire came floating like messengers of death through the flames—the towers and domes of the churches and palaces glowed with red-hot heat over the wild sea below, then tottering a moment on their basis were hurled by the tempest into the common ruin. Thousands of wretches, before unseen, were driven by the heat from the cellars and hovels, and streamed in an incessant throng through the streets. Children were seen carrying their parents—the strong, the weak; while thousands more were staggering under the loads of plunder they had snatched from the flames. This, too, would frequently take fire in the falling shower, and the miserable creatures would be compelled to drop it and flee for their lives. Oh, it was a scene of woe and fear indescribable! A mighty and close-packed city of houses, and churches and palaces, wrapped from limit to limit in flames which are fed by a whirling hurricane; is a sight this world will seldom see."

"But this was all within the city. To Napoleon without, the spectacle was still more sublime and terrific. When the flames had overcome all obstacles, and had wrapped every thing in their red mantle, that great city looked like a sea of rolling fire, swept by a tempest that drove it into vast billows. Huge domes and towers, throwing off sparks like blazing fire-brands, now towered above these waves and now disappeared in their maddening flow, as they rushed and broke high over their tops, scattering their spray of fire against the clouds. The heavens themselves seemed to have caught the conflagration, and the angry masses that swept it, rolled over a bosom of fire. Columns of flame would rise and sink along the surface of this sea, and huge volumes of black smoke suddenly shoot into the air as if volcanoes were working below. The black form of the Kremlin alone, towered above the chaos, now wrapped in flame and smoke, and again emerging into view—standing amid the scene of desolation and terror, like virtue in the midst of a burning world, enveloped but unscathed by the devouring elements. Napoleon stood and gazed on this scene in silent awe. Though nearly three miles distant, the windows and walls of his apartment were so hot that he could scarcely bear his hand against them. Said he, years afterwards:

"It was the spectacle of a sea and billows of fire, a sky and clouds of flame, mountains of red rolling flame, like immense waves of the sea, alternately bursting forth and elevating themselves to skies of fire, and then sinking into the ocean of flame below. Oh! it was the most grand, the most sublime, and the most terrific sight the world ever beheld."

The (N. Y.) American Review for May

### CHAPTER III.

Political position of Napoleon; he resolves to crush the Spaniards; his energy and activity; marches his armies from every part of Europe towards Spain; his oration to his soldiers—Conference at Erfurth—Negotiations for peace—Petulant conduct of Mr. Canning—160,000 conscripts enrolled in France—Power of that country—Napoleon's speech to the senate—He repairs to Bayonne—Remissness of the English cabinet—Sir John Moore appointed to lead an army into Spain; sends his artillery by the Madrid road, and marches himself by Almeida—The central junta impatient for the arrival of the English army—Sir David Baird arrives at Coruna; is refused permission to disembark his troops—Mr. Frere and the marquis of Romana arrive at Coruna; account of the latter's escape from the Danish Isles—Central junta resolved not to appoint a generalissimo—Gloomy aspect of affairs.

NAPOLEON, surprised and chagrined at the disgrace which, for the first time, his armies had sustained, was yet nothing dismayed by a resistance which he had early contemplated as not improbable.\* With a piercing glance he had observed the efforts of Spain, calculated the power of foreign influence in keeping alive the spirit of resistance, and assigning a just value to the succours which England could afford, foresaw the danger which might accrue, if he suffered an insurrection of peasants, which had already dishonoured the glory of his arms, to attain the consistency of regular government, to league with powerful nations, and to become disciplined troops. To defeat the raw levies which the Spaniards had hitherto opposed to his soldiers was an easy matter, but it was necessary to crush them to atoms, that a dread of his invincible power might still pervade the world, and the secret influence of his genius remain unabated. The constitution of Bayonne would, he was aware, weigh heavy in the scale against those chaotic governments, neither monarchical, nor popular, nor aristocratic, nor federal, which the Spanish revolution was throwing up; but before the benefit of that could be felt by the many, before he could draw any advantages from his moral

resources, it was necessary to develop all his military strength.

The moment was critical and dangerous. He was surrounded by enemies whose pride he had wounded, but whose means of offence he had not destroyed; if he bent his forces against the Peninsula, England might again excite the continent to arms, and Russia and Austria, once more banding together, might raise Prussia and renew the eternal coalitions. The designs of Austria, although covered by the usual artifices of that cunning, rapacious court, were not so hidden but that, earlier or later, a war with her was to be expected as a certain event, and the inhabitants of Prussia, subdued and oppressed, could not be supposed tranquil. The secret societies that, under the name of Tugenbunde, Gymnasiasts, and other denominations, have since been persecuted by those who were then glad to avail themselves of such assistance, were just beginning to disclose their force and plans.\* A baron de Nostitz, Stein the Prussian councillor of state, generals Sharnhost and Gneizenau, and colonel Schill, appear to have been the principal contrivers and patrons of these societies, so characteristic of Germans, who, regular and plodding even to a proverb in their actions, possess the most extravagant imaginations of any people on the face of the earth. But whatever the ulterior views of these associations may have been, at this period they were universally inimical to the French; their intent was to drive the latter over the Rhine, and they were a source of peril to the emperor, the more to be feared, as the extent of their influence could not be immediately ascertained. Russia, little injured by her losses, was more powerful perhaps from her defeats, because more enlightened as to the cause of them. Napoleon felt that it would tax all his means to repel the hostility of such a great empire, and that, consequently, his Spanish operations must be confined in a manner unsuitable to the fame of his arms. With a long-sighted policy, he had, however, prepared the means of obviating this danger, by what has been called the conference at Erfurth, whither he now repaired to meet the czar, confiding in the resources of his genius for securing the friendship of that monarch.

At this period, it may be truly said, that Napoleon supported the weight of the world; every movement of his produced a political convulsion; yet so sure, so confident was he, of his intellectual superiority, that he sought but to gain one step, and doubted not to overcome all resistance, and preserve his ascendancy; time was to him victory, if he gained the one, the other followed: hence, sudden and prompt in execution, he made one of those gigantic efforts which have stamped this age with the greatness of antiquity. His armies were scattered over Europe. In Italy, in Dalmatia, on the Rhine, the Danube, the Elbe; in Prussia, Denmark, Poland, his legions were to be found; over that vast extent, above five hundred thousand disciplined men maintained the supremacy of France. From those bands he drew the imperial guards, the select soldiers of the warlike nation he governed, the terror of the other continental troops; these and the veterans of Jena, of Austerlitz, of Friedland, reduced in number, but of confirmed hardihood, were marched towards Spain; a host of cavalry, unequalled for enterprise and knowledge of war, were also directed against that devoted land, and a long train of gallant soldiers followed, until two hundred thousand men, accustomed to battle, had penetrated the gloomy fastnesses of the western Pyrenees, while forty thousand of inferior reputation, drawn from the interior of France, from Naples, from Tuscany, and from Piedmont, assembled on the eastern ridges of those gigantic hills. The march of this multitude was incessant, and as the troops passed the capi-

\* Letter to Murat. Les Cascs.

\* Baron Fain's Campaign. 1813.

tal, Napoleon, neglectful of nothing which could excite their courage, and swell their military pride, addressed to them one of his nervous orations. In the tranquillity of peace it may seem inflated, but on the eve of battle it is thus a general should speak.

‘Soldiers! after triumphing on the banks of the Vistula and the Danube, with rapid steps you have passed through Germany. This day, without a moment of repose, I command you to traverse France. Soldiers! I have need of you! The hideous presence of the leopard contaminates the peninsula of Spain and Portugal. In terror he must fly before you. Let us bear our triumphal eagles to the pillars of Hercules; there also we have injuries to avenge! Soldiers! you have surpassed the renown of modern armies, but have you yet equalled the glory of those Romans, who, in one and the same campaign, were victorious upon the Rhine and the Euphrates, in Illyria and upon the Tagus? A long peace, a lasting prosperity, shall be the reward of your labours, but a real Frenchman could not, ought not, to rest until the seas are free and open to all. Soldiers! all that you have done, all that you will do, for the happiness of the French people, and for my glory, shall be eternal in my heart!’

Thus saying, he sent his army towards the frontiers of Spain, and himself hastened to meet the emperor Alexander at Erfurth. Their conference, conducted upon the footing of intimate friendship, produced a treaty of alliance offensive and defensive, and the fate of Spain was, by the one, with calm indifference, abandoned to the injustice of the other; but the accession of strength with this treaty, and the manifest personal partiality of Alexander, gave to the French emperor, inspired him perhaps with the idea, that the English cabinet would, if a fair occasion offered, gladly enter into negotiations for a general peace.

The two emperors wrote a joint letter to the king of England. ‘The circumstances of Europe had,’ they said, ‘brought them together; their first thought was to yield to the wish and the wants of every people, and to seek, in a speedy pacification, the most efficacious remedy for the miseries which oppressed all nations. The long and bloody war which had torn the continent was at an end, without the possibility of being renewed. If many changes had taken place in Europe, if many states had been overthrown, the cause was to be found in the state of agitation and misery in which the stagnation of maritime commerce had placed the greatest nations; still greater changes might yet take place, and all of them contrary to the policy of the English nation. Peace, then, was, at once, the interest of the people of the continent, as it was the interest of the people of Great Britain. We entreat your majesty,’ they concluded, ‘we unite to entreat your majesty to listen to the voice of humanity, to silence that of the passions, to seek, with the intention of arriving at that object; to conciliate all interests, and thus, preserving all powers which exist, insure the happiness of Europe and of this generation, at the head of which Providence has placed us.’

To this joint letter Mr. Canning replied by two letters addressed to the French and Russian ministers, accompanied by an official note. In that addressed to the Russian, he observed that, ‘however desirous the king might be to reply personally to the emperor, he was prevented by the unusual mode of communication adopted, which had deprived it of a private and personal character. It was impossible to pay that mark of respect to the emperor, without at the same time acknowledging titles which he had never acknowledged. The proposition for peace would be communicated to Sweden, and to the existing government of Spain. It was necessary that his majesty should receive an immediate assurance, that France acknowledged the government of Spain as a party to the negotiation.’

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That such was the intention of the emperor could not be doubted; when the lively interest manifested by his imperial majesty for the welfare and dignity of the Spanish monarchy was recollected. No other assurance was wanted, that the emperor could not have been induced to sanction by his concurrence or approbation, usurpations, the principles of which were not less unjust than their example was dangerous to all legitimate sovereigns.

The letter addressed to Mons. de Champagny, duke of Cadore, merely demanded that Sweden and Spain should be admitted as parties to the negotiation. The official note commenced by stating the king’s desire for peace, on terms consistent with his honour, his fidelity to his engagements, and the permanent repose of Europe. ‘The miserable condition of the continent, the convulsions it had experienced, and those with which it was threatened, were not imputable to his majesty. If the cause of so much misery was to be found in the stagnation of commercial intercourse, although his majesty could not be expected to hear with unqualified regret, that the system, devised for the destruction of the commerce of his subjects, had recoiled upon its authors or its instruments; yet, as it was neither the disposition of his majesty, nor in the character of the people over whom he reigned, to rejoice in the privations and unhappiness even of the nations which were combined against him, he anxiously desired the termination of the sufferings of the continent.’ The note then, after stating that the progress of the war had imposed new obligations upon Great Britain, claimed for Sicily, for Portugal, for Sweden, and for Spain, a participation in the negotiations. ‘Treaties, it stated, existed with the three first, which bound them and England in peace and war. With Spain indeed no formal instrument had yet been executed, but the ties of honour were, to the king of England, as strong as the most solemn treaties; wherefore it was assumed, that the central junta, or government of Spain, was understood to be a party to any negotiation in which his majesty was invited to engage.’

The reply of Russia was peremptory. The claims of the sovereigns, allies of Great Britain, she would readily admit. But the insurgents of Spain, Russia would not acknowledge as an independent power. The Russians, and England it was said could recollect one particular instance, had always been true to this principle; moreover, the emperor had acknowledged Joseph Buonaparte as king of Spain, and was united to the French emperor for peace and for war; he was resolved not to separate his interests from those of Napoleon. After some further arguments touching the question, the reply concluded by offering to treat upon the basis of the ‘*uti possidetis*,’ and the respective power of the belligerent parties, or upon *any basis*, for the conclusion of an honourable, just, and equal peace.

The insulting tone of Mr. Canning’s communication produced an insulting reply from Mons. de Champagny, which also finished by proposing the ‘*uti possidetis*’ as a basis for a treaty, and expressing a hope, that without losing sight of the inevitable results of the force of states, it would be remembered, that between great powers there could be no solid peace but that which was equal and honourable for both parties. Upon the receipt of these replies, the English minister broke off the negotiations, and all chance of peace vanished; but previous to the conclusion of this remarkable correspondence, Napoleon had returned to Paris.

What his real views in proposing to treat were, it is difficult to determine. He could not have expected that Great Britain would relinquish the cause of Spain; he must therefore have been prepared to make some arrangement upon that head, unless the whole proceeding was an artifice to sow distrust among his enemies. The English ministers asserted that it was so, but



what enemies were they among whom he could create this uneasy feeling? Sweden, Sicily, Portugal! the notion as applied to them was absurd; it is more probable that he was sincere. He said so at St. Helena, and the peculiar circumstances of the period at which the conferences of Erfurth took place, warrant a belief in that assertion.\* The menacing aspect of Austria, the recent loss of Portugal, the hitherto successful insurrection of Spain, the secret societies of Germany, the desire of consolidating the Polish dominions, and placing, while he might, a barrier to the power of Russia on that side, the breach which the events of the Peninsula made in his continental system of excluding British goods, and the commercial distresses of Europe, were cogent reasons for a peace; they might well cause him to be suspicious of the future, and render him anxious for an excuse to abandon an unjust contest, in which he could not fail to suffer much, and to risk more than he could gain. In securing the alliance of Russia, he only disentangled a part of the Gordian knot of politics; to cut the remainder with his sword was, at this conjuncture, a task which even he might have been doubtful of. The fact that his armies were marching upon Spain, proves nothing to the contrary of this supposition. Time was to him of the utmost consequence. His negotiations proving abortive, it would have been too late to have reinforced his troops on the Ebro, and the event evinced the prudence of his measures in that respect.

The refusal to admit the Spaniards as a party to the conferences for peace is scarcely more conclusive; to have done that would have been to resign the weapon in his hands before he entered the lists. That England could not abandon the Spaniards is unquestionable, but that was not a necessary consequence of continuing the negotiations. There was a bar put to the admission of a Spanish diplomatist, but no bar was thereby put to the discussion of Spanish interests; the correspondence of the English minister would not of necessity have compromised Spanish independence, it need not have relaxed in the slightest degree the measures of hostility, nor retarded the succours preparing for the patriots. And when we consider the great power of Napoleon's arms, the subtlety and force of his genius, the good fortune which had hitherto attended his progress in war, the vast additional strength which the alliance of Russia conferred at the moment; and when, to oppose all this, we contrast the scanty means of Spain, and the confusion into which she was plunged, it does appear as if her welfare would have been better consulted by an appeal to negotiation rather than to battle. It is true that Austria was arming, yet Austria had been so often conquered, was so sure to abandon the cause of the patriots, and every other cause when pressed; so certain to sacrifice every consideration of honour or faith to the suggestions of self-interest, that the independence of Spain, through the medium of war could only be regarded as the object of uncertain hope; a prize to be gained, if gained at all, by wading through torrents of blood, and sustaining every misery that famine and the fury of devastating armies could inflict. To avoid, if possible, such dreadful evils by negotiating was worth trial, and the force of justice, when urged by the minister of a great nation, would have been difficult to withstand; no power, no ambition, can resist it and be safe.

But such an enlarged mode of proceeding was not in accord with the shifts and subterfuges that characterized the policy of the day, when it was thought wise to degrade the dignity of such a correspondence by a ridiculous denial of Napoleon's titles; and praiseworthy to render a state paper, in which such serious interests were discussed, offensive and mean, by miserable sar-

casm, evincing the pride of an author rather than the gravity of a statesman. There is sound ground also for believing that hope, derived from a silly intrigue, carried on through the princess of Tour and Taxis, with Talleyrand and some others, who were even then ready to betray Napoleon, was the real cause of the negotiation having been broken off by Mr. Canning. Mr. Whitbread declared in the House of Commons, that he saw no reason for refusing to treat with France at that period, and although public clamour afterwards induced him to explain away this expression, he needed not to be ashamed of it; for if the opinion of Cicero, that an unfair peace is preferable to the justest war, was ever worthy of attention, it was so at this period, when the success of Spain was doubtful, her misery certain, her salvation only to be obtained through the baptism of blood!

Upon the 18th of October Napoleon returned to Paris, secure of the present friendship and alliance of Russia, but uncertain of the moment when the stimulus of English subsidies would quicken the hostility of Austria into life; yet, if his peril was great, his preparations to meet it were likewise enormous. He called out two conscriptions. The first, taken from the classes of 1806, 7, 8, and 9, afforded eighty thousand men arrived at maturity; these were destined to replace the veterans directed against Spain. The second, taken from the class of 1810, also produced eighty thousand, which were disposed of as reserves in the dépôts of France.\* The French troops left in Germany were then concentrated on the side of Austria; Denmark was evacuated, and one hundred thousand soldiers were withdrawn from the Prussian states. The army of Italy was powerfully reinforced, and placed under the command of prince Eugene, who was assisted by marshal Massena. Murat also, who had succeeded Joseph in the kingdom of Naples, was directed to assemble a Neapolitan army on the shores of Calabria, and to threaten Sicily. In short, no measures that prudence could suggest were neglected by this wonderful man, to whom, the time required by Austria for the mere preparation of a campaign seemed sufficient for the subjection of the whole Peninsula.

The session of the legislative body was opened on the 24th of October; the emperor, in his speech from the throne, after giving a concise sketch of the political situation of Europe, touched upon Spain. 'In a few days I go,' said he, 'to put myself at the head of my armies, and, with the aid of God, to crown the king of Spain in Madrid! to plant my eagles on the towers of Lisbon!' Then departing from Paris he repaired to Bayonne, but the labours of his ministers continued; their speeches and reports more elaborately explicit than usual, exposed the vast resources of France, and were well calculated to impress upon the minds of men the danger of provoking the enmity of such a powerful nation. From those documents it appeared that the expenses of the year, including the interest of the national debt, were under thirty millions sterling, and completely covered by the existing taxes, drawn from a metallic currency; † that no fresh burthens would be laid upon the nation; that numerous public works were in progress; that internal trade, and the commerce carried on by land were flourishing, and nearly one million of men were in arms!

The readiness with which Mr. Canning broke off the negotiation of Erfurth, and defied this stupendous power, would lead to the supposition that on the side of Spain at least he was prepared to encounter it with some chance of success; yet no trace of a matured plan is to be found in the instructions to the generals commanding in Portugal previous to the 25th of Sep-

\* O'Meara. Voice from St. Helena, vol. ii.

\* Imperial Decree, 11th Sept. 1808.

† Exposé de l'Empire, 1809.

tember, nor was the project then adopted, one which discovered any adequate knowledge of the force of the enemy, or of the state of affairs: indeed the conduct of the cabinet relative to the Peninsula was scarcely superior to that of the central junta itself. Several vague projects, or rather speculations, were communicated to the generals in Portugal, but in none of them was the strength of the enemy alluded to, in none was there a settled plan of operations visible! it was evident that the prodigious activity of the emperor was not taken into consideration, and that a strange delusion relative to his power, or to his intentions, existed among the English ministers.

It was the 6th of October before a despatch, containing the first determinate plan of campaign, arrived at Lisbon.\* Thirty thousand infantry and five thousand cavalry were to be employed in the north of Spain, of which ten thousand were to be embarked at the English ports, and the remainder to be composed of regiments, drafted from the army then in Portugal; sir John Moore was appointed to command the whole, and he was authorised, at his own discretion, to effect a junction by a voyage round the coast, or by a march through the interior. He chose the latter, 1. because a voyage at that season of the year would have been tedious and precarious; 2. because the intention of sir Hew Dalrymple had been to enter Spain by Almeida, and the few arrangements which that general had power to make were made with a view to such a march; 3. because he was informed that the province of Galicia would be scarcely able to equip the force coming from England, under the command of sir David Baird. But Moore was directed to take the field immediately, to fix upon some place, either in Galicia or on the borders of Leon, for concentrating the whole army, and the specific plan of operations was to be concerted afterwards with the Spanish generals! This was a light and idle proceeding, promising no good result, for the Ebro was to be the theatre of war, and the head of the great French host coming from Germany, was already in the passes of the Pyrenees; the local difficulties impeding the English general's progress were also abundant, and of a nature to make that which was ill begun, end worse, and that which was well arranged, fail. To be first in the field is a great and decided advantage, yet here the plan of operations was not even arranged, when the enemy's first blows were descending.

Sir John Moore had much to execute, and with little help.† He was to organize an army of raw soldiers, and in a poor and unsettled country; just relieved from the pressure of a harsh and griping enemy, he was to procure the transport necessary for his stores, ammunition, and even for the conveyance of the officers' baggage. Assisted by an experienced staff, such obstacles do not very much impede a good general, but here, few of the subordinate officers had served a campaign, and every branch of the administration, civil and military, was composed of men, zealous and willing indeed, yet new to a service, where no energy can prevent the effects of inexperience from being severely felt. The roads through Portugal were very bad, and the rainy season, so baleful to an army, was upon the point of setting in; time pressed sorely when it was essential to be quick, and gold, which turneth the wheels of war, was wanting. And this, at all times a great evil, was the more grievously felt at the moment, inasmuch as the Portuguese, accustomed to fraud on the part of their own government, and to forced contributions by the French, could not readily be persuaded that an army of foreigners, paying with promises alone, might be trusted: nor was this natural suspicion allayed by

observing that, while the general and his troops were thus kept without money, all the subordinate agents dispersed throughout the country were amply supplied. Sir David Baird, who, with his portion of troops, was to land at Coruña, and to equip in a country already exhausted by Blake's army, was likewise encompassed with difficulties; for from Coruña, to the nearest point, where he could effect a junction with the forces marching from Lisbon, was two hundred miles, and he also was without money.

No general-in-chief was appointed to command the Spanish armies, nor was sir John Moore referred, by the English ministers, to any person with whom he could communicate at all, much less concert a plan of operations for the allied forces. He was unacquainted with the views of the Spanish government; and he was alike uninformed of the numbers, composition, and situation of the armies with whom he was to act, and those with whom he was to contend. Twenty-five thousand pounds in his military chest, and his own genius, constituted his resources for a campaign, which was to lead him far from the coast, and all its means of supply. He was first to unite the scattered portions of his forces by a winter march of three hundred miles; another three hundred were to be passed before he reached the Ebro; there he was to concert a plan of operations with generals acting each independent of the other, their corps reaching from the northern sea-coast to Zaragoza, themselves jealous and quarrelsome, their men insubordinate, differing in customs, discipline, language, and religion from the English, and despising all foreigners; and all this was to be accomplished in time to defeat an enemy who was already in the field, accustomed to great movements, and conducted by the most rapid and decided of men. It must be acknowledged that the ministers' views were equally vast and inconsiderate, and their miscalculations are the more remarkable, as there was not wanting a man, in the highest military situation, to condemn their plan at the time, and to propose a better.

The duke of York, in a formal minute, drawn up for the information of the government, observed, that the Spanish armies being unconnected and occupying a great extent of ground, were weak; that the French being concentrated, and certain of reinforcement, were strong; that there could be no question of the relative value of Spanish and French soldiers, and that, consequently, the allies might be beaten before the British could arrive at the scene of action; the latter would then unaided have to meet the French army, and it was essential to provide a sufficient number of troops to meet such an emergency. That number he judged should not be less than sixty thousand men, and by a detailed statement, he proved that such a number could have been furnished without detriment to any other service, but his advice was unheeded.

At this period, also, the effects of that incredible folly and weakness, which marked all the proceedings of the central junta, were felt throughout Spain. In any other country, the conduct of the government would have been attributed to insanity. So apathetic with respect to the enemy as to be contemptible, so active in pursuit of self-interest as to become hateful; continually devising how to render itself at once despotic and popular, how to excite enthusiasm and check freedom of expression; how to enjoy the luxury of power without its labour, how to acquire great reputation without trouble, how to be indolent and victorious at the same moment.\* Fear prevented the members from removing to Madrid after every preparation had been made for a public entrance into that capital. They passed decrees, repressing the liberty of the press on the ground of the deceptions practised upon the public,

\* Lord Castlereagh's Despatch. Parl. Pap.

† Sir John Moore's Papers.

\* Mr. Stuart's Letters, MS.

yet themselves never hesitated to deceive the British agents, the generals, the government, and their own countrymen, by the most flagitious falsehoods upon every subject, whether of greater or less importance. They hedged their own dignity round with ridiculous and misplaced forms, opposed to the vital principle of an insurrectional government, devoted their attention to abstract speculations, recalled the exiled Jesuits, and inundated the country with long and laboured state papers, while the pressing business of the moment was left uncared for. Every application on the part of lord William Bentinck and Mr. Stuart, even for an order to expedite a common courier, was met by difficulties and delays, and it was necessary to have recourse to the most painful solicitations to obtain the slightest attention; nor did that mode always succeed.

Sir John Moore strenuously grappled with the difficulties besetting him, and well knowing the value of time in military transactions, urged forward the preparations with all possible activity. He was very desirous that troops who had a journey of six hundred miles to make previous to meeting the enemy, should not, at the commencement, be overwhelmed by the torrents of rain, which, in Portugal, descend at this period with such violence as to destroy the shoes, ammunition, and accoutrements of a soldier, and render him almost unfit for service. The Spanish generals recommended that the line of march should be conducted by Almeida, Ciudad Rodrigo, Salamanca, Valladolid, and Burgos; and that the magazines for the campaign should be formed at one of the latter towns. This coincided with the previous preparations, and the army was therefore organized in three columns, two of which were directed upon Almeida, by the routes of Coimbra and Guarda, while the third, comprising the artillery, the cavalry, and the regiments quartered in the Alemtejo, was destined to move by Alcantara, upon Ciudad Rodrigo. Almeida itself was chosen for a place of arms, and all the reserve-stores, and provisions, were forwarded there, as time and circumstances would permit; but the want of money, the unsettled state of the country, and the inexperience of the commissariat, rendered it difficult to procure the means of transport even for the light baggage of the regiments, although the quantity of the latter was reduced so much as to create discontent. One Sataro, the same person who has been already mentioned as an agent of Junot's in the negotiation with sir Charles Cotton, engaged to supply the army, but dishonestly failing in his contract, so embarrassed the operations, that the general resigned all hope of being able to move with more than the light baggage, the ammunition necessary for immediate use, and a scanty supply of medicines; the formation of the magazines at Almeida was also retarded, and the future subsistence of the troops was thus thrown upon a raw commissariat, unprovided with money. The general, however, relying upon its increasing experience, and upon the activity of Lord William Bentinck and Mr. Stuart, did not delay his march, and he sent agents to Madrid and other places to make contracts, and to raise money; for such was the policy of the ministers, that they supplied the Spaniards with gold, and left the English army to get it back in loans.

Many of the regiments were actually in movement when an unexpected difficulty forced the commander-in-chief to make a fresh disposition of the troops. The state of the Portuguese roads north of the Tagus was unknown, but the native officers and the people had alike declared that they were impracticable for artillery; the opinion of colonel Lopez, a military commissary sent, by the Spanish government, to facilitate the march of the British, coincided with this information; and the report of captain Delancey, one of the most intelligent and enterprising of those officers of the quarter-master-general's department, who were employed

to examine the lines of route, corroborated the general opinion. Junot had indeed, with infinite pains, carried his guns along these roads, but his carriages had been broken, and the batteries rendered unserviceable by the operation; wherefore Moore reluctantly determined to send his artillery and cavalry by the south bank of the Tagus, to Talavera de la Reyna, from whence they might gain Naval Carneiro, the Escorial, the pass of the Guadarama mountains, Espinar, Arealo, and Salamanca. He would have marched the whole army by the same route, if this disagreeable intelligence respecting the northern roads had been obtained earlier; but when the arrangements were all made for the supplies to go to Almeida, and when most of the regiments were actually in movement towards that town, it was too late to alter their destination.

This separation of the artillery, although it violated a great military principle, which prescribes that the point of concentration for an army should be beyond the reach of the enemy, was here a matter of apparent necessity; and no danger was apprehended from the offensive operations of an adversary, represented to be incapable of maintaining his own line of defence. Valladolid and Burgos were considered by the Spaniards as safe places for the English magazines; Moore shared so much of the universal confidence in the Spanish enthusiasm and courage, as to suppose, that Salamanca would not be an insecure point of concentration for his columns, while covered by such numerous patriotic armies as were said to be on the Ebro. One brigade of six-pounders he retained, with the headquarters, but the remainder of his artillery, consisting of twenty-four pieces, the cavalry, amounting to a thousand troopers, the great part of the army, containing many hundred carriages and escorted by three thousand infantry, he sent by the road of Talavera, under the command of sir John Hope, an officer qualified by his talents, firmness, and zeal, to conduct the most important enterprises.

The rest of the army marched in three columns. The first by Alcantara and Coria, the second by Abrantes, the third by Coimbra, all having Ciudad Rodrigo as the point of direction; and with such energy did the general overcome all obstacles, that the whole of the troops were in movement, and head-quarters quitted Lisbon the 26th of October, just twenty days after the receipt of the despatch which appointed him to the chief command; a surprising diligence, but rendered necessary by the pressure of circumstances. 'The army,' to use his own words, 'run the risk of finding itself in front of the enemy with no more ammunition than the men carried in their pouches: 'but had I waited,' he adds, 'until every thing was forwarded, the troops would not have been in Spain until the spring, and I trust that the enemy will not find out our wants as soon as they will feel the effects of what we have.'

The Spaniards, however, who expected 'every body to fly, except themselves,' thought him slow, and were impatient, and from every quarter indeed letters arrived, pressing him to advance. Lord William Bentinck and Mr. Stuart, witnesses of the sluggish incapacity of the Spanish government, judged that such a support was absolutely necessary to sustain the reeling strength of Spain. The central junta was awakened for a moment. Hitherto, as a mask for its ignorance, it had treated the French power with contempt, and the Spanish generals and the people echoed the sentiments of the government; but now, a letter addressed by the governor of Bayonne to general Jourdan, stating that sixty thousand infantry, and seven thousand cavalry, would reinforce the French armies between the 16th of October and the 16th of November, was intercepted, and made the junta feel that a crisis for which it was unprepared was approaching: then with the folly usually attendant on improvidence, these men, who had been



so slow themselves, required that others should be supernaturally quick as danger pressed.

In the mean time sir David Baird's forces arrived at Coruña. Lord William Bentinck had given intimation of their approach, and the central junta had repeatedly assured him, that every necessary order was given, and that every facility would be afforded, for their disembarkation and supply. This was untrue; no measures of any kind had been taken, no instructions issued, no preparations made; the junta of Coruña disliked the personal trouble of a disembarkation in that port, and in the hope that Baird would be driven to another, refused him permission to land, until a communication was had with Aranjuez;\* yet fifteen days elapsed, before an answer could be obtained from a government, who were daily pestering sir John Moore with complaints of the tardiness of his march.

Sir David Baird came without money; sir John could only give him £8000, a sum which might have been mistaken for a private loan, if the fact of its being public property were not expressly mentioned;† yet at this time Mr. Frere, the plenipotentiary, arrived at Coruña, with two millions of dollars, intended for the use of the Spaniards; and while such large sums contrary to the earnest recommendations of Mr. Stuart and major Cox, were lavished in that quarter, the penury of the English general obliged him to borrow the funds in Mr. Frere's hands. Thus assisted the troops were put in motion, but wanting all the equipments essential to an army, they were forced to march by half battalions, conveying their scanty stores on country cars, hired from day to day; nor was that meagre assistance obtained but at great expense, and by compliance with a vulgar mercenary spirit predominant among the authorities of Galicia. The junta frequently promised to procure the carriages, but did not; the commissaries, pushed to the wall by the delay, offered an exorbitant remuneration; the cars were then forthcoming, and the procrastination of the government proved to be a concerted plan to defraud the military chest. In fine, the local rulers were unfriendly, crafty, fraudulent, the peasantry suspicious, fearful, rude, disinclined toward strangers, and indifferent to public affairs; a few shots only were required to render theirs a hostile instead of a friendly greeting.

With Mr. Frere came a fleet, conveying a Spanish force, under the marquis of Romana. When the insurrection first broke forth, that nobleman commanded fourteen or fifteen thousand troops, who were serving with the French armies, and how to recover this disciplined body of men from the enemy was a subject of early anxiety with the junta of Seville.‡ Castaños, in his first intercourse with sir Hew Dalrymple, signified his wish that the British government should adopt some mode of apprising Romana, that Spain was in arms, and should endeavour to extricate him and his army from the toils of the enemy, and finally a gentleman named M'Kenzie was employed by the English ministers to conduct the enterprise. The Spanish troops were quartered in Holstein, Sleswig, Jutland, and the islands of Funen, Zealand, and Langeland; Mr. M'Kenzie, through the medium of one Robertson, a catholic priest, opened a communication with Romana, and as neither the general, nor the soldiers he commanded, hesitated, a judicious plan was concerted. Sir Richard Keats, with a squadron detached from the Baltic fleet, suddenly appeared off Nyborg, in the island of Funen, and a majority of the Spanish regiments quartered in Sleswig immediately seized all the craft in the different harbours of that coast, and pushed across the channel to Funen; Romana, with the assis-

tance of Keats, had already seized the port and castle of Nyborg without opposition, save from a small Danish ship of war that was moored across the mouth of the harbour, and from thence the Spaniards passed to Langeland, where they embarked above nine thousand strong, on board the English fleet commanded by sir James Saumarez. The rest of the troops either remained in Sleswig or were disarmed by the Danish force in Zealand. This enterprise was conducted with prudent activity, and the unhesitating patriotism of the Spanish soldiers was very honourable, but the danger was slight to all but Mr. Robertson. Romana, after touching at England, repaired to Coruña; his troops did not, however, land at that port, but at St. Andero, where they were equipped from the English stores, and proceeded by divisions to join Blake's army in Biscay.

Among the various subjects calling for sir John Moore's attention, there was none of greater interest than the appointment of a generalissimo to the Spanish armies. Impressed with the imminent danger of procrastination or uncertainty in such a matter, he desired lord William Bentinck and Mr. Stuart to urge the central government with all their force upon that head; to lord Castlereagh he represented the injury that must accrue to the cause, if the measure was delayed; and he proposed to go himself to Madrid, with a view of adding weight to these representations. Subsequent events frustrated this intention, and there seems no reason to imagine, that his personal remonstrances would have influenced a government described by Mr. Stuart, after a thorough experience of its qualities, as 'never having made a single exertion for the public good, neither rewarding merit nor punishing guilt,' and being for all useful purposes 'absolutely null.' The junta's dislike to a single military chief was not an error of the head, and reason is of little avail against the suggestions of self-interest.

The march of the British troops was as rapid as the previous preparations had been; but general Anstruther had, unadvisedly, halted the leading column in Almeida, and when Moore reached that town on the 8th of November, he found the whole of the infantry assembled there, instead of being on the road to Salamanca. The condition of the men was, however, superb, and their discipline exemplary; on that side all was well, yet from the obstacles encountered by sir David Baird, and the change of direction in the artillery, it was evident that no considerable force could be brought into action before the end of the month. Meanwhile, the Spaniards were hastening events. Despatches from lord William Bentinck announced that the enemy remained stationary on the Ebro, although reinforced by ten thousand men; that Castaños was about to cross that river at Tudela; and that the army of Aragon was moving by Sor upon Roncevalles, with a view to gain the rear of the French, while Castaños assailed their left flank. Moore, judging that such movements would bring on a battle, the success of which must be very doubtful, became uneasy for his own artillery. His concern was increased by observing, that the guns might have kept with the other columns; 'and if any thing adverse happens, I have not,' he wrote to general Hope, 'necessity to plead; the road we are now travelling, that by Villa Velha and Guarda, is practicable for artillery; the brigade under Wilmot has already reached Guarda, and, as far as I have already seen, the road presents few obstacles, and those easily surmounted; this knowledge was, however, only acquired by our own officers, when the brigade was at Castello Branco, it was not certain if it could proceed.' He now desired Hope no longer to trust any reports, but seek a shorter line, by Placentia, across the mountains to Salamanca.

Up to this period, all reports from the agents, all information from the government at home, all communi-

\* Capt. Kennedy's Letter, Parl. Pap.

† Sir John Moore to Lord Castlereagh. 27th Oct.

‡ Sir Hew Dalrymple's Correspondence.

cations public and private, coincided upon one subject. *The Spaniards were an enthusiastic, an heroic people, a nation of unparalleled energy! their armies were brave, they were numerous, they were confident! one hundred and eighty thousand men were actually in line of battle, extending from the sea-coast of Biscay to Zaragoza; the French, reduced to a fourth of this number, cooped up in a corner, were shrinking from an encounter; they were deserted by the emperor, they were trembling, they were spiritless!* Nevertheless, the general was somewhat distrustful; he perceived the elements of disaster in the divided commands, and the lengthened lines of the Spaniards, and early in October he had predicted the mischief that such a system would produce. "As long as the French remain upon the defensive," he observed, "it will not be so much felt, but the moment an attack is made, some great calamity must ensue:" however, he was not without faith in the multitude and energy of the patriots, when he considered the greatness of their cause.

Castañõs was at this time pointed out by the central junta as the person with whom to concert a plan of campaign, and sir John Moore, concluding that it was a preliminary step towards making that officer generalissimo, wrote to him in a conciliatory style, well calculated to ensure a cordial co-operation. It was an encouraging event, the English general believed it to be the commencement of a better system, and looked forward with more hope to the opening of the war, but this favourable state soon changed; far from being created chief of all, Castañõs was superseded in the command he already held, the whole folly of the Spanish character broke forth, and confusion and distress followed. At that moment also clouds arose in a quarter, which had hitherto been all sunshine; the military agents, as the crisis approached, lowered their sanguine tone, and no longer dwelt upon the enthusiasm of the armies; they admitted, that the confidence of the troops was sinking, and that even in numbers they were inferior to the French. In truth, it was full time to change their note, for the real state of affairs could no longer be concealed; a great catastrophe was at hand; but what of wildness in their projects, or skill in the enemy's, what of ignorance, vanity, and presumption in the generals, what of fear among the soldiers, and what of fortune in the events, combined to hasten the ruin of the Spaniards, and how that ruin was effected, I, quitting the English army for a time, will now relate.

## FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

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### SOME ACCOUNT OF VENICE, AND THE SPLENDID ENTRANCE OF BUONAPARTE INTO THAT CITY, IN DECEMBER, 1807.

BY A BOSTONIAN.

ON Saturday November 20, at midnight, I sat off from Trieste accompanied by captain S. with a black servant. We were in a handsome close phaeton, which had been politely offered us by a gentleman in Trieste, and we were to take post horses on the road. Here let me remark this one convenience in travelling in this country, and as it is the only one, I will not let the opportunity escape of giving all the merit due to it. Post houses are established along the road every eight or ten miles, and the post masters are obliged to have horses and postillions always ready for the accommodation of travellers; it is only necessary to have a carriage, and provided you have a passport, horses and drivers are furnished you at each post; and the post-master is under penalty of 50 livres if horses are not to be had.

For two horses and the postillion we paid something less than two dollars each post.

We started however from Trieste with three private horses; we were advised to do this as the post horses at Trieste were very poor, and the first post ten miles to St. Croce, the road moreover bad, leading over the mountains which surround Trieste. These mountains are the continuation of the Alps, and terminate in Istria about 25 or 30 miles to the S. E. of Trieste.

The weather had been wet and boisterous for several days, and the storm was not yet abated; the night was dark, and in this high latitude (46) it was long and disagreeable. The day did not appear till after six o'clock. About eight miles from Trieste we crossed a small river by a rope ferry; the boat was convenient and we drove into it without taking out our horses, or dismounting ourselves; the boatmen however scolded very hard at being called out in a cold stormy night, and asked five florins for putting us over, although they were not five minutes about it: we gave them three and left them grumbling.

In crossing this river we passed from the Austrian, to the French Italian territories, and were received by the French frontier guards who demanded our passports; a very necessary document in this country, and without which one cannot go ten miles ever so peaceably before he is arrested. On producing our passports, with which we had been furnished from the governor of Trieste, we were permitted to go on. About a mile further, and before day light, we were again stopt by the officers of the *Dogana*, (custom house) who routed us out in the rain, took our trunks into their guard room, and after examining them, put the imperial seal on the locks, and we were not permitted to open them again until we should arrive at another custom house and have the seals broken by the proper officer.

We had now descended from the high ground which we had been travelling over during the night, and were arrived upon a fine and vast extended plain which stretches to Venice a distance of more than one hundred miles, bounded on our left by the Adriatic, and on the right by the lofty Alps. These mountains do not tower to the same sublime altitude as in the western parts of Italy, but still they are magnificent. They present an imposing aspect, and their hoary summits display the regions of eternal frost.

We are now in one of the finest countries in the world. This extensive plain is rich by nature, ornamented by art, and beautifully improved by the hand of culture; at this season however, and especially in such rainy and gloomy weather we do not see it in all its glory, nor enjoy the fine prospects it must afford in the summer. It is finely laid out in vineyards, fields and gardens. The fields are covered with thrifty grain which promises to yield in the spring abundantly the gifts of Ceres; whilst the luxuriant vine, whose wandering branches are still fresh, declare the bounties lately supplied by the rosy god.

As we had come from Trieste with three fresh horses, we did not change them till we reached Malfaconde, the second post: here we took post horses and sent the private ones back.

It was now about eight o'clock, it was a cold and rainy morning, and although we wanted refreshment, we could get none; for notwithstanding the country is so rich, the inhabitants appear to be miserably poor. The post-houses are not like our good New England taverns, where you see the inviting inscription of *Entertainment for man and horse* in gilt capitals hung up over the door: it is only the horses that find entertainment here, and you search in vain for any thing but straw and provender. As soon therefore as we could have our horses shifted, we drove on, and in a few miles came up with the Isonzo, which in a dry season is but a small river, but which had been so swelled by the late rains as to be scarcely passable. We were detained half an hour for the ferrymen to prepare; the boat was not constructed to drive the carriage into it; we were obliged to dismount, take the horses out, and drag it in by hand. It rained very hard all this time, the river was wide and very rapid, and the high wind had made considerable sea; the agitation of the waves and the impetuosity of the current rendered the boat unmanageable, and had we struck upon a shoal which appeared a little below us, our situation would have been perilous: I did not feel safe myself, and one poor woman, among the rest of the passengers, in doleful accents cried *Jesu Maria!* all the way over. Here the ferrymen demanded fifteen florins.

We were wet, fatigued, and hungry, but as we could get nothing to eat in midst of all the bounties of nature, we drove on and occasionally regaled on the small stock we had providently brought along with us.

About noon we were stopped by another branch of the Isonzo; this had overflowed its banks, filled the road for a mile before we came up with it, and the inundation would have spread over all the adjoining fields and vineyards had they not been dyked, or banked to prevent it. It was impossible to pass here, and we were obliged to return about a mile, to a small village, and there take up our quarters for the night. The inn was sufficiently large, but it was intolerably dirty, and our accommodation and entertainment none of the best.

We were conducted to a chamber in which was a bed of husks, two old chairs, and an oak table. The chamber opened into a large hall, which was decorated with several portrait paintings in a villainous style enough, and these were every thing of furniture to be found in it; it was an empty court or anti-chamber through which you passed to several smaller apartments round it. Our hostess was a good-natured woman and did every thing she could to please us, but being entirely ignorant of our tastes and manner of living, she succeeded very ill in her endeavours. She made us some coffee, but insisted upon stirring it up, and said the thick of it was the best; I told her if she would only let

it rest a while and give me the thin, she should be very welcome to the best of it herself.

The kitchen was the greatest curiosity in the house, as well for its furniture as for its construction and variety of its tenants. The fire-place was detached from the sides of the room, and benches placed all round it. As we could not be accommodated with fire in any other part of the house, we were glad to mix with the motley company here, and wet and cold as we were, to enjoy the comfort of fire, though incommoded in other respects. Besides the family, some neighbour gossips, village peasants, ostlers and postillions, assembled round the fire; all the domestick animals resorted here with the utmost ease and freedom; the pigs and poultry seemed to enjoy a common right in this apartment, and if at any time that right was denied them, they disputed for the privilege with a true spirit of democrattick equality. They run their busy noses into every pail, kettle, and cooking utensil, in search of booty, and in blowing the contents of them about the floor contributed their share in rendering our retreat not the most cleanly place in the world. The flooring was of stone, the wet and filth made it extremely slippery, and the depth and density of the nauseous fluid was sufficient to resist the efforts of any instrument of cleanliness less powerful than a shovel. This description will serve for Italian kitchens in general.

We slept the night at this inn, and at eight o'clock the next morning past with ease the river which the day before had stopt our progress. The inundation had subsided, and the river was contracted within its natural banks.

Before we arrived at the next post we crossed another branch of the Isonzo, and this was the last water we had to cross by boat, until we got to Mestre, opposite to Venice.

On the western bank of this branch we met a troop of French light dragoons conducted by an officer with large whiskers, and the cordon d'honneur at his button hole. Whether the appendage to his face or to his lappel did him most honour I cannot pretend to say. Beards, we know, were once considered honourable; in scripture times it was a disgrace to be without them; and that of Hudibras we are told

——— was the equal grace  
Both of his honour and his face.

And I doubt whether so much can be said in favour of this upstart badge of the red ribbon, though so many princes in Europe have lately put it on, and put off their independence and such like dignities as a condition of wearing it. We left this doughty knight with his troop in a heavy rain, waiting to get over by three horses at a time in the ferry boat.

A few miles from this river we arrived at the fourth post, a village called Nagaredo; we only stopt to change horses, and

then proceeded on to Udine. Here we were to change horses again, and it being about two o'clock, we concluded to rest a little, and take dinner. We found very good accommodations, had a decent room, a good dinner served up in a handsome style, and genteel attendance.

Udine is a considerable city, and claims its origin in remote antiquity. It is said to be five miles in circuit, though I should not judge it to exceed three. It is populous, and carries on a considerable trade in silk. There are some handsome buildings; the streets are clean and well paved, and one remarkable convenience is that the side walks for foot passengers are covered. The lower or basement stories retire back and leave a space of five or six feet without the walls, covered by the floor of the next story, supported by alcoves, and this forms a fine walk like a piazza through all the principal streets of the city. People on foot are thus sheltered in winter from the rain, and accommodated with an agreeable shade in a warmer season.

It was nearly night before we were ready to start from Udine, and there was a river to cross about two miles onwards; the bridge had lately been broken down, and we expected to ford it, but in this attempt we failed. Our postillion after harassing us about the wet and muddy fields (for we had left the road in search of a place to ford) declared that it was impossible to get over that night, and so returned with us again to Udine. I did not so much regret this delay as we had fallen into so good quarters. We passed the night comfortably at the *Cross of Malta*, where we had dined, and early next morning resumed our journey.

Before we left this house, the landlord, understanding we were Americans, brought to us a bottle of molasses, which he said was lately left there by one of our countrymen; he was curious to know what it was, its qualities, use, &c. and seemed to be afraid of it. *E veleno?* said he, is it poison? I however soon quieted his fears by tasting it, and assuring him it was not only harmless, but was a delicious and salubrious fluid, and of great use and esteem in America. The man appeared then pleased with the acquisition; but who this traveller was who had left his yankee coat of arms behind I could not understand.

About nine o'clock we crossed the river which we could not get over the night before; it was now as deep as our axletree, and pretty rapid, but as it was narrow we forded it without much difficulty.

The weather had now become pleasant, the road was good, and the country we were passing through delightful.

At Udine we were not half way to Venice, and as we wished to get there the next day, we concluded, for the better despatch, to make no stops on the road, and to ride all night. Accordingly we pursued this plan, stopt only to change horses at the several posts, viz. Colroipo fifteen miles, Valvasone ten miles, till we came to Perdenone, fifteen miles more. Here we took supper,



and after a hearty meal made our arrangements to pass the night in our carriage.

We left Perdinone about six o'clock, and travelled very steady all night, changing horses and postillions at each post, which were nine or ten miles from each other, except one or two which were fifteen miles, or a post and a half. At each of these posts we found persons ready to receive us with lanthorn light; the horses were taken off and changed in a few minutes.

During the night we passed through Saule, Conegliano, Locidina, and Treviso, all small villages, except Treviso, which is a city of some consideration, and about nine o'clock in the morning arrived at Mestre.

Mestre is a large village on the borders of the Adriatick, or rather at the head of it, N. W. from Venice about five miles; this was our last stage by land, and we immediately embarked in a gondola for the capital. There is a broad canal leading into the heart of this village, and is a mile or more in extent. We were rowed down this canal, the banks of which were extremely pleasant; we passed some fine gardens, beautiful villas, and then opened into a smooth bay, across which the eye was immediately directed to the domes, palaces, and glittering spires of Venice. The morning was fine, the prospect around us highly interesting, and it was a pleasant transition from the noise and jostling of our carriage to the ease and pleasurable conveyance of a gondola.

As these gondolas are a kind of boat peculiar to Venice, are of great use and convenience here, and have something singular in their construction, and manner of manœuvring them, they may bear a description. Some thousands of them are employed in and about this city. They are in shape and form somewhat like an Indian canoe, very long, from twenty to twenty-four feet, terminating extremely sharp at each end, and both stem and stern turn up in a curve, and rise high above the water. The sides of the boat are low. The stern ends in a point, but on the stem is raised a steel plate three inches wide, which is erect about a foot, then turns forward, and its width is suddenly dilated to the size and shape of a large broad axe. There are five other flat pieces of steel of two inches wide that project forward from the stem horizontally, these are arranged one above another, with their planes vertical, and their ends forming a line with the edge of the broad axe above, which edge is straight and perpendicular. The uppermost of these five transverse plates goes through the one that rises from the stem, and projects aft as well as forward. I never could learn the origin or use of this figure. The turn in the upper part of it appears something like the neck of a stately bird, but whether or not it was meant to represent this or any other appearance of nature or art, I know not. The figure is however universal and invariable with these gondolas. The whole of this mass of steel is of con-

siderable weight, and is always kept bright and polished. The boat is wide in the middle, and has a little coach-house erected in it, which will admit four persons to set comfortably, or six with a little squeezing. At each side there is a glass window, as in a coach, with blinds, shutters and curtains; the back is closed, and the fore part is the entrance, which is opened and closed by a door. The outside of this little cabin is always covered with black cloth, coarse or fine as the owner chooses to apply expense, and is ornamented with fringe, tags, and tassels of the same colour. The inside is lined with cloth, silk, or velvet, generally black also. There is a large cushion of down or feathers for the back seat, and stuffed stools for those at the sides. They are always kept extremely clean, and thus equipt they are certainly very pleasurable conveyances. Here you may lay, or sit at your ease, and amuse yourself with a book or your mistress, while you glide along the canals through the city, or take the fresh air on the bosom of the fine bay which surrounds it. On a summer evening a gondola is a tempting resort, and they are not unfrequently, it is said, converted to the purposes of intrigue, assignations, and secret amours. This may well be expected from the loose and dissolute manners of the Venetians; and the gondoliers, who have obtained the reputation of fidelity and inviolable secrecy, contribute their share also to favour and encourage the trade.

Although these boats are sometimes rowed with three or four oars, they are more frequently managed with one, and with one only they are managed with great dexterity. The man stands aft upon a little deck, which covers seven or eight feet of that part of the boat, and rows with his oar always on the same side, and it is surprising to see with what facility and exactness he guides his little bark to the right or left, with the same sweep of the oar which impels her forward. In passing along the canals, though they are continually meeting, they seldom touch each other; and when they are to pass a corner or turn into another canal, they call out, and are answered, if another happens to be coming that way; by this they avoid falling suddenly upon each other, and although they go rapidly along, each guides his bark so as to go clear.

When we embarked at Mestre our gondolier asked us what part of the city we would be carried to. We told him we should lodge at the Queen of England hotel, and he brought us to the very door, so that we stept out of the boat on one of the marble steps of the entrance to the house. This is a peculiarity at Venice; the city is built in the water, and the boats go to the doors of every house in it: in this manner you are transported about the town, you have only to call a gondola and it comes to your door to receive you, and carries you to the door you want to enter.

**And now behold us arrived in Venice. It is a noble city, and**

the circumstance of its rising as it were from the bosom of the water, makes it curious and interesting. We have taken lodgings at the Queen of England hotel; the house is large, but as there is much company here we could not get a very handsome apartment. The best chamber unoccupied was offered us, and as we did not know where to look for a better, we accepted it.

As soon as I had dined I was asked if I wanted a valet de place, and a man presented to me who offered his services. They are generally employed by gentlemen who visit here, and are useful and necessary, not so much to clean your shoes, or wait upon you in the house, as to attend you as a guide about the city. I did not hesitate to employ the first that was recommended, and as it happened he spoke good French and some English, so he is useful also as an interpreter. He charges a dollar a day; this is considered however, as high wages, lately they did not get half that amount; this increase is occasioned by the numerous company of strangers now collecting in Venice.

When we were a little refreshed by our repast, we dressed and took a turn into the city. We were conducted immediately to St. Mark's Place. This is a most superb view certainly! a very spacious square, inclosed on three sides by magnificent palaces, and the noble edifice of St. Mark's church on the other. The whole area, a square of two or three acres, is paved with marble, the surrounding palaces are marble, and directly in front, as we entered the square, the lofty tower of St. Mark's rears its stately head to the skies.

The tower of St. Mark's is three hundred feet high, and you may ascend to the walk in the belfry, not by steps, but on an inclined plane; it is quadrangular, each side perhaps thirty feet, and the inclined plane or walk winds up the sides within. The belfry is a handsome balcony with a marble balustrade. From this elevated station Galileo frequently made his astronomical observations.

The fronts of the palaces on this square form colonnades of lofty marble columns, supporting galleries which project from the second story; the space within the columns, which is covered by the galleries, affords a spacious walk where company usually resort. Along these walks opposite the columns, on one side of the square, there are a range of rich and showy shops, principally watch-makers and jewellers; on the other side the square are coffee houses. We passed through this square on our way to the exchange, where I expected to find a gentleman to whom I had letters of introduction; we found him there, and he received us with great civility. From him we understood that the emperor Napoleon was expected here in a few days, and that every body was occupied in making preparations to receive him. The spectacle on the water upon this occasion he said, would be highly worth seeing, as well as the theatrical entertainments, and he very politely assured us that he should

secure us places where we might enjoy both. Great numbers of boats with rich and shining ornaments are preparing to go out to meet the emperor and conduct him into the city. The Venetians are a kind of aquatic animals: they are born in the water, and as they have great pride as well as skill in preparing entertainments upon this element, we may expect that upon this occasion it will be brilliant indeed.

In coming to the exchange we past over the Rialto, the famous bridge so called, and which is the only one that crosses the grand canal; those that cross the other canals are very numerous. This is a very high arch of masonry, the chord of which is eighty-nine feet, being less than the width of the canal by the abutments. The walk on the bridge is paved, and there are a range of shops on each side of you as you go over it. This conceals the sight of the bridge from a passenger on it, but seen from the canal, it has a noble effect.

At the exchange, which is on the grand canal, we took a gondola and returned to our hotel. On our way we passed under the Rialto; it is a handsome piece of architecture, and we now had an opportunity of viewing all its beauties.

From every part of the grand canal you have a fine prospect; the sumptuous palaces which rise along its borders, the balconies which hang over it, their reflected images in the water, and the numerous boats which are passing swiftly along in every direction, render the scene extremely lively and beautiful.

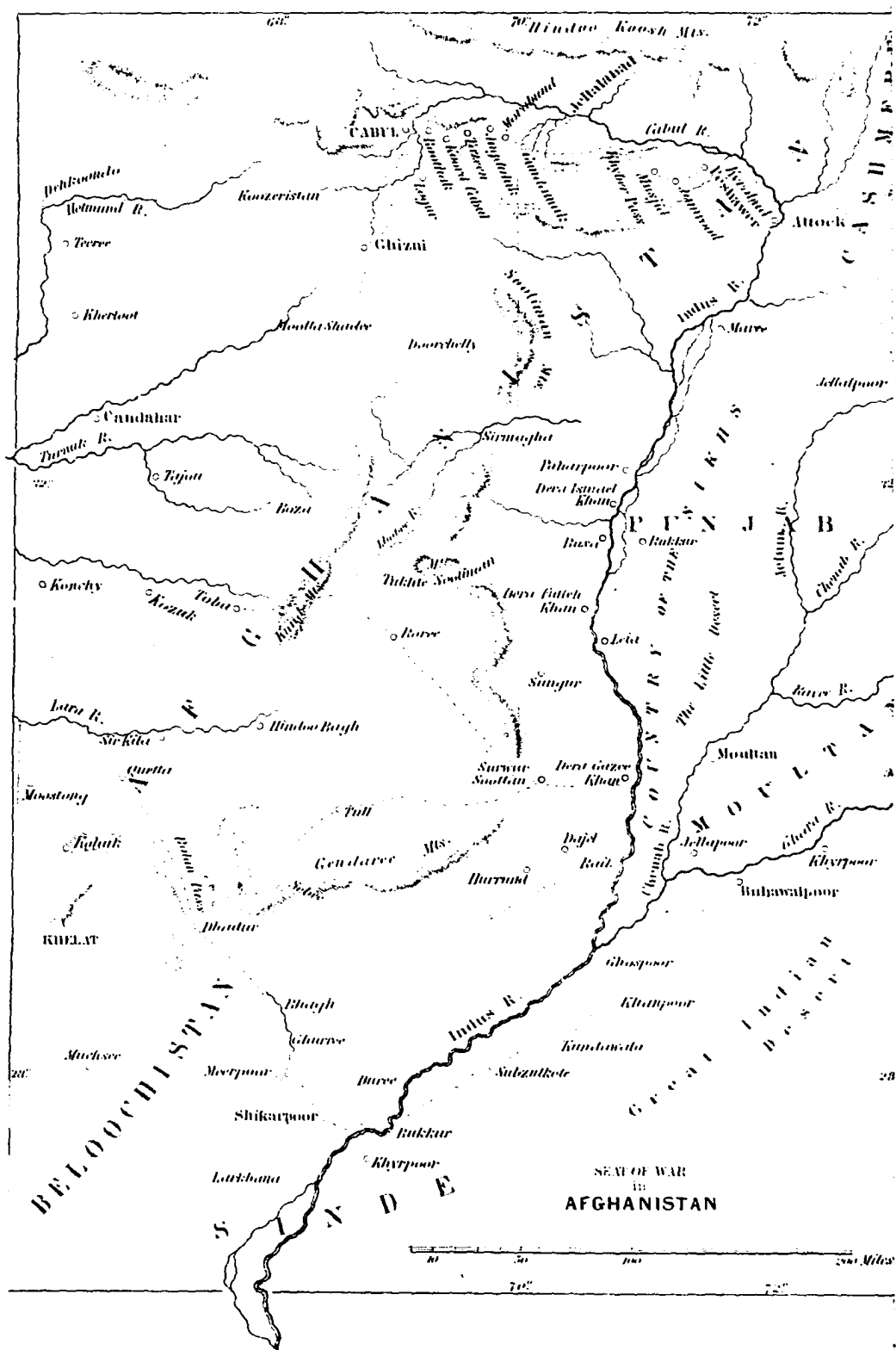
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## M I S C E L L A N Y .

### THE APOCRYPHAL NAPOLEON.\*

No one ever reads history without thinking with wonder how small are the contingencies on which its most important events turn. The hesitation of a moment has been enough to decide the fate of empires for years. It is natural that we should pause sometimes to imagine

\* *Napoléon Apocryphe. Histoire de la Conquête de la Monde et de la Monarchie Universelle*, par Louis Geoffroy. *Poussons jusqu'au bout la gloire humaine par cet exemple.* BOSSUET. Paulin, Paris.



what might have happened, if one of these little stones in the current of time had not turned the direction of the stream. A small majority only in the councils of the pilgrim fathers of New England voted for the emigration to "Virginia," against a minority which wished to turn to the sunnier savannahs of Guiana. Where and what should we of New England be now if they had been disposed to vote on the other side? The dauphin of France, a prince, himself the heir of the finest kingdom of Europe, was married to Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland. That dauphin, had he lived, would have been the head of a race of princes, who would have ruled by hereditary right France, England, Scotland, and Ireland. *If* he had lived, what would be the European history of the last two hundred and fifty years? A British minister happened to see a wealthy Virginian risk large sums at play, and he conceived the idea of recruiting his suffering exchequer by the taxation of his transatlantic colonies. Where would the United States of America be now, if he had spent that evening at a cabinet dinner, instead of sitting by a hazard-table? Such questions are readily asked. No one can read history attentively, without being constantly tempted to ask them. They are not so easily answered, however; answered, we mean, so as to preserve the appearance of consistency or plausibility. We have but very few instances of what can properly be called imaginary history; of an historical account following directly after real history, and preserving its appearance.

The curious French book, the name of which stands at the head of this article, is one of these few instances. Actuated, as he tells us, by a desire to show of what man's genius is capable, what he might effect were he not constantly thwarted by the caprices of fate, the author has given us the history of some of the leading events in the world's history, as he supposes *they would have happened*, if Napoleon had been victorious over the Russian arms after the fall of Moscow. The attempt is a bold one, and bravely executed. M. Geoffroy, without the advantage of having piles of facts for reference at his elbow, has written a history much more plausible and consistent than many books, which have been founded on a more tangible basis.

As we have said, M. Geoffroy makes Napoleon conquer Russia. Spain and Portugal are next subdued, and the conquest of England crowns the next year's campaign. The expulsion of Mahmoud and his army from European Turkey, and the nomination of a mayor of the commune of San Marino, in the arondissement of Rimini, make Napoleon sovereign of Europe. Those parts of Asia which had not been dependent on Russia and England are next made to submit by a religious crusade led by the Emperor in person; his immense fleet makes him master of the Ocean and its islands; corps d'armée under his most noted generals march through Africa almost without opposition, and finally the States of America, wearied by their constant internal dissensions, agree in congress at Panama to submit themselves and their constitutions to Napoleon, who is thus, fifteen years after the conflagration of Moscow, made *sovereign of the world*. Such is a gen-



eral account of the progress of his conquest. We prefer to let the book speak for itself, than to attempt to make any analysis of its contents. We shall, therefore, trust to our translations of different passages from it to give an idea of the details of the advances towards universal monarchy, and of the results which attended it.

The following chapter, from the opening of the book, is spirited ; the prediction with which it closes, tallies but too well with the results of more authentic history. The account begins immediately after Napoleon's entrance into the deserted Moscow.

"Napoleon was always glad to sleep in the beds of other kings, and establish himself in palaces, from which his appearance had driven them. Having ordered the army to take up its quarters in the suburbs, he went himself directly to the Kremlin, and there, in the evening, he walked on the highest towers, silent and alone, contemplating the deathlike quiet of the city at night. All was depressing and sad to so active a mind as his. He saw his army stretched along in the suburbs, a deep silence reigning in the city, and repose every where, excepting in a few palaces, which seemed animated by the presence of generals who had taken up their quarters in them. All that could be heard was an occasional Scythian cry, sounding from place to place at intervals, as if of persons replying to each other.

"The clocks struck midnight. The horizon grew red ; flames rose from the midst of the town ; the bazaar had taken fire, then the churches, the houses, the suburbs ; the fires shot up every where ; Moscow reappeared in the night all glowing with fiery domes and spires of flame.

"The Emperor understood this disaster ; he remembered Wilna, Smolenska, and the burning villages which had lighted up his march. "Let it die then," he cried ; and gave orders that the army should immediately leave the infernal city. The soldiers had been roused before. The cry of "fire" resounded on all sides, but only from French lips. The first night's sleep in the conquered town was disturbed by the terrors of a conflagration.

"His orders were executed. At five o'clock in the morning, the troops filed out of Moscow, and reascended the slope of Mount Salvation. The videttes, having advanced as far as Petrowski, the palace of the Czars, prepared it for the Emperor, who proceeded thither with his staff ; and, observing a large chateau half a league further on, he sent forward General Kirgener with his engineers to fortify this position.

"But, while in full sight of the chateau, and only a few musket shots from it, they saw clouds of smoke bursting from it, followed by flame, with slight explosions. This magnificent dwelling, enveloped in every part, became at once only one immense body of fire. In the distance, carriages were observed hastening from it with all speed. General Kirgener gave orders that they should be pursued, but they were so far in advance that the attempt failed ; and they had escaped his troops when they fell in with a body of French. These surrounded them, and took them to the General.

"In the first carriage was an old man, of middle age, large, thin, of a dignified figure, and fine countenance. At the first attack he attempted to defend himself; but, seeing that resistance was useless, he yielded and proceeded to General Kirgener, who, seeing no distinguishing mark on the stranger, asked him his name.

" 'What is that to you ? ' replied the unknown.

"The general, irritated at this almost impertinent reply, was about to threaten some punishment for it, when the unknown added, 'My rank, Sir, is such that I have a right to claim to speak and to disclose myself to the Emperor only.' The General hesitated; but the man's coolness made him yield the point, and he led him to Petrowski.

"The Emperor was visiting the posts of this residence, and was crossing one of the courts, when the carriage of the unknown entered. An officer who followed him dismounted, and explained the circumstances of the capture, and the determination of the prisoner to disclose himself to none but the Emperor. Napoleon looked steadily upon the stranger, then ordered the court to be cleared, and when they two were alone with Duroc, asked,

" 'Who are you ? ' "

" 'A man, who had hoped to escape the vengeance of your Majesty, but who, charged as he has been with a great undertaking, does not fear to assume the responsibility of it, and to avow himself. I am Rastopchin, Governor of Moscow.' "

" 'What is this undertaking ? ' said the Emperor, growing pale.

" 'Your Majesty knows it and sees it,' said Rastopchin, pointing at the lake of fire, in which the holy city was sinking.

" 'The conflagration ! ' "

" 'Yes, Sire.' "

" 'Sir, it is the work of a barbarian. Your consciousness of crime forewarns you of punishment.' "

" 'It will be my last sacrifice, Sire. I shall await it calmly.' "

" 'Sacrifice ? What do you mean ? ' "

" 'All my fortune was at Moscow and in my chateau. The fire originated in my dwellings. I have sacrificed every thing to my country, and my life may follow.' "

" 'Say, rather, that you have sacrificed your country, ravaging it with fire, and reducing it to ashes.' "

" 'Has your Majesty, then, been able to conquer nothing but flames and ashes ? ' "

"The Emperor walked rapidly to and fro, his lips pale and quivering. 'What madness ! ' said he, 'what folly ! You wish, Sir, to be the Russian Brutus ; but are these your children, which you have destroyed ? ' "

" 'My country will judge me, Sire.' "

" 'Your country ? ' and he stopped, looking at him with a searching look. 'Your country ? You have only offered a terrible holocaust to your sovereign. I can see that your sacrifice is nothing but the sacrifice of Moscow to Petersburg ; of old Muscovy to new Russia ! ' Then,

approaching him, he added, with a bitter smile, 'How much have they paid you for your conflagration?'

"Rastopchin frowned and turned pale; perhaps with anger. 'Russia will judge me as well as your Majesty, and I shall be differently spoken of, Sire, when I have been shot.'

"'Shot! that, Sir, is the punishment of brave men, and an incendiary ——'

"'Cannot be a coward.'

"'Infernal mystery!' muttered Napoleon, turning from him in surprise. A few minutes after, he added; 'If this is only a blind patriotism ——' He did not conclude the sentence.

"'Your Majesty is right,' said Rastopchin, joyfully. 'I can die?'

"'No, you do not deserve to. It would be, perhaps, hardly worth the while. Give him a safe conduct. Go, Sir. Your *undertaking* is still all your own; but, whatever the honor of it, doubt shall tarnish it. Go.'

"Rastopchin departed, and the Emperor returned to the palace."

The following passage, in quite a different strain, is characteristic and amusing. Napoleon, before beginning his Spanish campaign, had settled all his differences with the Pope, and was on the best terms with the Catholic Church.

"Pius VII. died on the 15th of September, 1814. Napoleon was anxious about the nomination of his successor.

"It was said that he wished to proclaim himself sovereign pontiff of the Catholic Church, that his plans would end in his proclaiming himself religious chief of Christendom. Under this new power all the various sects of Christianity would be united, free and independent in their worship, and all adhering to the unity of a supreme pontiff; but he hesitated about this scheme, and thought that the time for it had not come. The nomination of a pope, however, could not be indifferent to him. He knew how much weight religion and the influence of its ministers has on the hearts of mankind, and that this force ought not to be despised in state policy, either as an obstacle or an instrument.

"He must have reflected deeply at this time on this curious exception of an elective monarchy preserved alone in Europe. And these relics of a kind of republican system so strangely mingled with the customs of the Catholic Church, a religion wholly of authority and power, surprised, and perhaps offended him.

"In giving its new constitution to Poland, he had destroyed the right of election, and proclaimed that of hereditary sovereignty. But the innumerable difficulties which opposed the destruction of the principle of the election of popes, and of the cardinals' privileges, restrained him. He did not yet dare to take the only step which his genius thought proper, that of assuming to himself all the pontifical power. He doubted also, whether like Charlemagne he would not choose himself pope; and, although he did not long retain this idea, he still desired to control the election of this sovereign, to whom he had lately

restored his states and a part of his temporal power. With this view, in continuing to the cardinals their great privilege of choosing their pope, he wrote to them the following letter :

“ **ILLUSTRIOUS CARDINALS :**

“ ‘The Lord has taken from you the venerable and sacred pontiff, Pius VII. Your Eminences are about to choose his successor.

“ ‘Our respectful love for our holy religion makes it a duty to us, to join by our wishes in this pious and solemn election.

“ ‘We have considered that the interests of religion and those of the empire, as well as our own private inclinations, call to this distinguished station our venerable uncle, His Eminence Cardinal Fesch.

“ ‘We pray the Lord to enlighten and inspire your Eminences in the performance of your sacred duty.

“ ‘At our imperial palace of St. Cloud, Oct. 7, 1814.

“ ‘**NAPOLEON.**’

“ All the cardinals of Europe were assembled, and the conclave was held in the imperial palace at Lyons.

“ The letter of Napoleon contained more than wishes, it disclosed his orders. Every cardinal replied to it with the assurance of his respect and submission. Twenty-nine cardinals were present at the conclave ; Cardinal Alexander Mattei of Rome presided over the assembly, and the operations of the ballot began.

“ They did not evince that unanimity in obedience which had been promised. The Italian prelates were displeased at seeing the tiara leave Italy, to be worn by a Frenchman ; this had not taken place since the time of Urban VI., in 1378. Some of them, moved by conscientious scruples, thought that they ought to oppose the abolition of this custom, which had indeed been consecrated by the apostolic constitutions. They knew, also, that the right of exclusion, which the sovereigns of Austria and of Spain enjoyed, had been taken from them by a secret decision, and these violations of the forms of election appeared to them like sacrilege. For these reasons eight votes were given for Cardinal Bethelmy Pacca of Benevento, as the signs of an energetic protest, but the twenty-one other voices in the first session called Cardinal Fesch to the chair of St. Peter.

“ The new pope was proclaimed at Lyons, then at Paris, and finally at Rome, whither he went in the month of December following, under the name of Clement XV. He took for his arms the imperial eagle of France.

“ Napoleon was greatly irritated by the division of the cardinals in this election ; but far from showing it, he wrote to Cardinal Pacca the following letter :

“ ‘The votes which you received for the chair of Saint Peter have shown to me the esteem with which the sacred College regards you.

“ ‘Their esteem is the guide to mine.

“ ‘Let me inform your Eminence that I have transmitted to you the insignia of the grand eagle of the legion of honor, and that I present

you to his Holiness the Pope Clement XV. for the vacant seat of the archbishopric of Milan.

“ I pray God that he may hold your Eminence in his high and holy keeping.”  
NAPOLEON.’

“ The Emperor had thought for a moment that the new pope would assume the name of Napoleon I. ; but he soon abandoned this idea, which was based in other plans, which he reserved for the future.”

The following chapter, describing the submission of the whole western continent, is interesting to an American reader :

“ The Emperor had only alluded to the last American revolution in his public address, (to the assembled kings and people of the world, when he proclaimed himself universal sovereign) ; the circumstances were published the next day ; they were read with lively interest, for this submission made Napoleon’s power a universal power, and completed his world.

“ For more than twenty years, America, the land which has no history, no ancestry, no tradition ; which, to supply the places of her plundered children, had begged from Europe her superabundant population, and from Africa the purchase of her captives ; the land, which, without knowing any youth, had passed through innumerable revolutions to the decrepitude of age ; America, was falling to pieces, was sinking to complete ruin. It was naturally divided into two distinct portions : Spanish and Portuguese America, and the America of the United States. The rest of the continent, what had been the Russian and English possessions at the north, and all the West Indies, except St. Domingo, was already under the power of the Emperor.

“ As early as the first wars of Spain and Portugal, Brazil and the other States of South America had raised the standard of independence, and attempted to throw off the yoke of their mother countries ; but these attempts, weakly undertaken by men of slight talent, had only produced in those regions a chronic state of civil war, without inducing either decisive defeats or victories.

“ Bolivar alone, a man of high talent and admirable character, had in 1820 and 1821 liberated New Grenada in two victories, and founded in the heart of America a new republic, which he called Colombia, after the great Columbus. As great a statesman as warrior, he had organized the new republic, and for two years had governed it with remarkable success ; but, harassed by the ingratitude and sedition of his citizens, he had become disgusted with his country and with power, had given up both of them and retired to Jamaica, where he lived tranquil and unknown. So Colombia, like Brazil, Mexico, Peru, Paraguay, where the mysterious Dr. Francia had just died, Chili and the other Spanish possessions fell back into a sea of anarchy, misery, and civil war, and all these nations destroyed themselves, piecemeal, as it were, like bodies dying of gangrene and fever.

“ At the north, the United States displayed a spectacle no less deplorable. This nation, which was so strongly united when obliged to

conquer a common enemy, in peace and repose felt selfishness insinuate itself into its several varying interests and separate the parts of this so powerful confederacy. Certain regulations of commerce and finance desired by the northern and refused by the southern states, were the origin of this dissension among interests, which was so long protracted that it resulted in furious hate and wars, the more horrible because the combatants were brothers, whose selfishness excited them. The American Congress divided, two or three new confederations were attempted; various seats of government were established, and the young republic of Franklin and Washington perished.

“St. Domingo, the great rebel of the West Indies, which had been strong enough to resist a French expedition in the earlier days of the empire, had actually sunk under the multitude of its rulers; there were emperor, president, chief and king in this African America, and the negroes, having passed too rapidly from slavery to self-government, were ruined by gaining civilization.

“In spite of all these symptoms of dissolution in this continent, the Emperor, occupied with the conquest of the old world, appeared to have quite forgotten the new; no movement, word, or act, ever revealed his thoughts with regard to America. Doubtless, his searching mind considered from the distance the agony of these nations, and his wisdom awaited the result. Perhaps, too, there were unknown agents scattered in these countries, who pointed out the horrible state of things, and the only possible remedy, alliance with the old world, submission to the Emperor. Such language as this now began to be heard in all parts of the continent; — ‘Napoleon alone can save America: at least, let us anticipate the conquest which must come. America can, by a voluntary and seasonable submission, secure to herself advantages which she will lose, if conquered. In any case, there is no safety for her, in opposition to Napoleon’s monarchy.’ Such were the words and thoughts which might be found in every quarter. Either germinating themselves, or sown by others, they became so evident that the governments could not oppose them. Soon senates and conventions assembled in all quarters; a rapid and ready diplomacy harmonized their deliberations. Finally, a general congress of all the sovereigns, presidents, and legislatures of the American states, was called at Panama, and met on the 7th of March, 1827. The independent island of the West Indies was summoned, as well as the chiefs of the scattered savage tribes which still existed on the continent.

“Six sessions sufficed for a great decision. Seven hundred and forty members of legislatures, kings, chiefs, or generals, were present at this congress.

“The deliberation was short. It was consent without dispute, enthusiasm without debate.

“On the 17th of March, General Jackson of the United States, the president of the congress, read, in a loud voice, the unanimous decree which placed the constitutions, the possession and government of America and St. Domingo in the hands of the Emperor Napoleon, sovereign of Europe, Asia, and the isles of the Ocean.

“ This decision reached Napoleon only a few days before the 4th of July, 1827, and he kept it secret, that he might proclaim it with the more pomp in the great assembly of the Champ du Mars.

“ The states of the Pacific sea had, as we have said, been conquered and overrun by the vessels of the Asiatic expedition. There was, therefore, in the whole world, no point which did not acknowledge the power of Napoleon, and the entire surface of the globe was compassed in these words, ‘ UNIVERSAL MONARCHY.’ ” .

With this, the climax of Napoleon's conquests, we must, for the present, at least, leave M. Geoffroy's interesting book. The reader will readily see how wide a field is opened to the imagination, which attempts to suggest the uses which the universal sovereign would make of his terrestrial omnipotence. It is a field, which, to a certain extent, every one has travelled. It has given a foundation to innumerable air castles. The chapters which M. Geoffroy gives in this section of his work are by no means the least interesting part of it. At some future time, perhaps, we may allude to the volume again.